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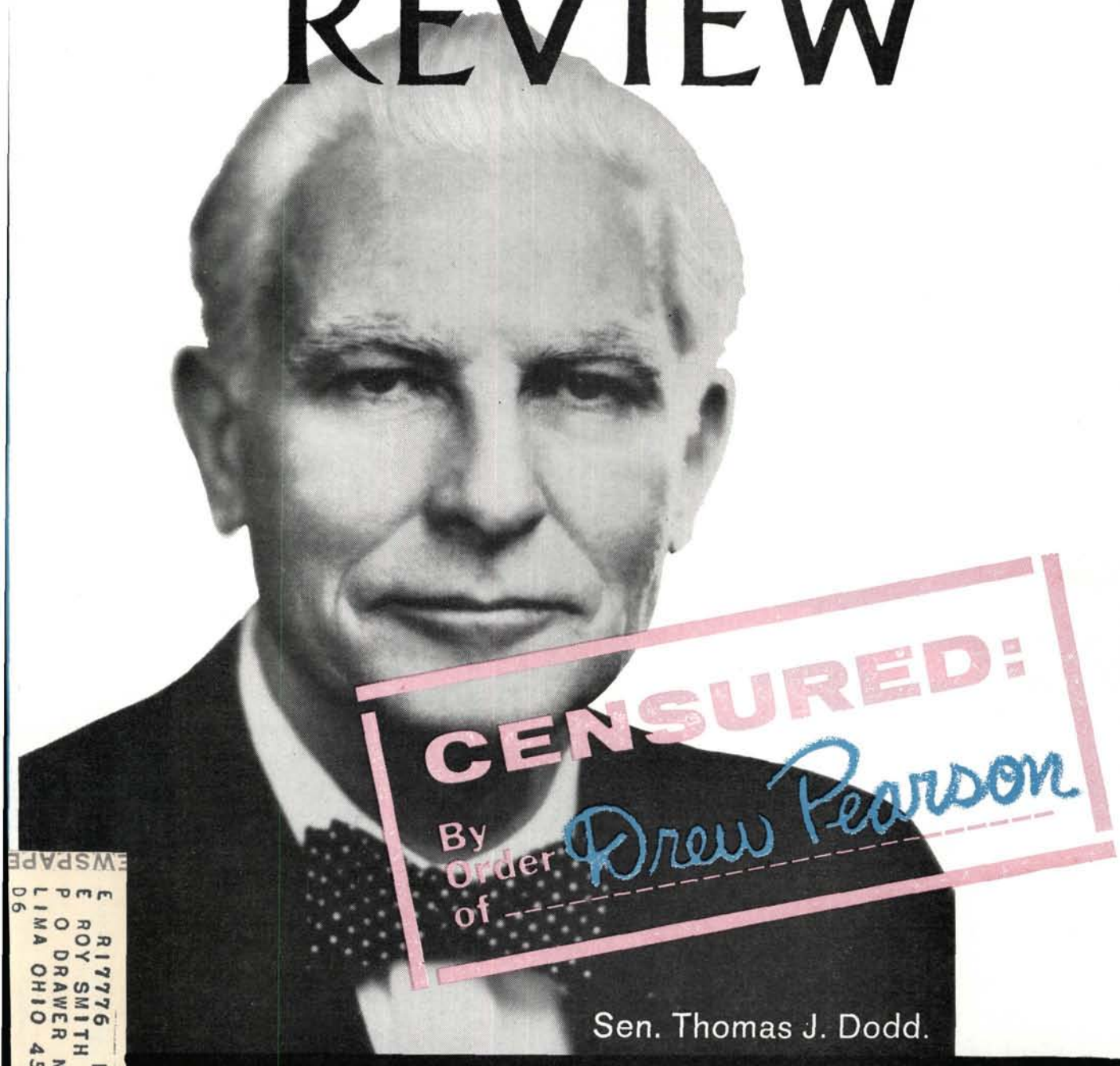
NATIONAL REVIEW



Sen. Thomas J. Dodd.

THE DEBATE ON THE DRAFT, FEATURING GENERAL FRANK S. MEYER ♦ ALSO BURNHAM, BUCKLEY, WAUGH

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The Journal of David Q. Little

by R. Daniel McMichael A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

A haunting new novel that shows what life will be like in our own country when Western Liberals and the Communist world finally bury the hatchet . . . into the U.S. Constitution!

THE HEARINGS GRINDED ON. The 44 "subjects" sat up there immobile on the dais of the Grand Ballroom, Hotel Royal. Towering over them were the six examiners, including Nicholas Syerov, the Russian representative. The hot TV lights boiled down on the 44.

They were Pittsburgh's leadership: company presidents, a bishop, union heads, an editor, leaders of civic groups. Most of them supported the Treaty of Friendship between Russia and the United States. That, after all, was better than nuclear war – wasn't it?

The Treaty had set up the World Order of Nations (WON). America had pledged to work under the WON for peace, to turn away from its own selfish interests, to cooperate in the great work of building up the undeveloped nations. Under terms of the Treaty, the USA-USSR Joint Peace Commission set up shop in Washington to see that the U.S. fulfilled its Treaty obligations, which of course had first priority, as everyone agreed (except for a few extremists).

To see that Joint Peace Commission directives were carried out on the local level, Joint Committees For Local Action (JCFLA) were set up for every region in the United States. Smith Armstrong was Chairman for Pennsylvania's Southwest District. Icy cool, he presided over the hearings to determine whether the 44 were to be brought up for treason before the WON.

The charges against them were grave. One was accused of preferring the interests of the United States. Another, a company president, was said to have put profits first. Others were denounced for holding that a nation might need limited arms for self-defense, that wages shouldn't be cut, that the WON might not be the final answer to world government. Small wonder the two thousand spectators howled and jeered as each traitor was marched into the witness box.

Last to be called was Avery Brown, board chairman of one of the nation's steel giants. The witnesses marshalled against him were overpowering: two of his own vice-presidents, the Secretary of Commerce, the Governor of Pennsylvania. "Why," David Q. Little almost screamed to himself, "why do they want *me* to testify?"

For David Little was only a steel salesman. A few times he and Mr. Brown had exchanged pleasantries at the water cooler. That was all. Why should pig-eyed Leon Tidings, the mysterious government official who spewed out hatred of all things American, why should Tidings single out David?

No matter. He *had* singled him out. And Smith Armstrong had let David know, in tones that never rose above a murmur yet chilled him with terror, that David was expected to "cooperate."

David had no intention of cooperating. In the six months since the Treaty, he had seen the quality of Pittsburgh life melt like a snowflake in a furnace. Now they were rolling over the leaders of the community. Could one man stand up to them? He desperately wanted to.

David heard Smith Armstrong, seated high above him, ask the question he knew would come, the question he dreaded. "What is your opinion of Mr. Brown's general reaction to the Treaty of Friendship?"

It was the Moment of Truth. Now he was alone in the darkness. Outside, all around him, was Power. He realized that Avery Brown was doomed. He thought about Nancy, the three children, his job, his mortgage.

How did David answer? *How would you answer?*

One Man Against the Total State

David Q. Little is everyman, neither hero nor villain. He finds himself caught up in events so strange he can hardly trust his own eyes and ears. David never liked to be alone. Now, in the madness all around him, he finds comfort in solitude. He begins to keep a journal, discovers himself in its pages – and helps us discover *ourselves.*

This is the story of what may happen to America, the day after tomorrow. Drip, drip, drip erode our freedoms. David Q. Little, Mr. Average American, puts it down as it happens – often *hardly realizing the meaning of it all. Because he* is the guy next door, David's journal has a vividness, a shock value that will haunt you. For just a few moments, step inside David's world:

EVERYDAY LIFE. The FCC has authority to monitor phone calls "to safeguard the public interest." There is a booming black market in pre-Treaty books and magazines, since the Treaty requires the government to "upgrade" all publishing. Paint peels off buildings, trees die, grass runs to weeds. Medicine is nationalized, with medical care and drugs available only to those with the right government papers.

LAW AND ORDER. Youth gangs roam the streets, raping and looting. David's home is vandalized 14 times but the local police, now disarmed, are powerless. Pittsburgh courts have four judges: from India, England, Poland and Cuba.

INFLATION. David's dollar is worth 16¢. The gold-backed ruble is the world currency. Three Peace Loans from Russia keep our economy going.

THE JOB MARKET. When David loses his job, he finds he can get a new one only through the government. Every job is classified, with minimum and maximum salaries.

RELIGION. Christmas is no longer a holiday, since the authorities are anxious to guarantee the absolute separation of Church and State. The churches agree, assuring everyone that the law does not affect people of true faith.

HOUSING. The Bureau of Housing now controls all home sales. Private contractors and realtors have been outlawed for serving "the selfish minority." To ensure "absolute equality and free choice," the Bureau sets racial quotas for each neighborhood.

POLITICS. All laws against the Communist Party are rescinded. Its membership swells. Democrats and Republicans merge into the new Coalition Party, but they are no match for the surging Communists. The secret ballot is abolished ("Only the guilty have something to hide!"). The Communists see to it that everyone votes. They poll 98%.

THE FAMILY. David's children are all selected for a free summer at the nearby World Youth Camp, though David and Nancy are not permitted to visit them. The children return lean, tan, older-looking, and bursting with slogans about building the New World. But David fails his Attitude Test (designed to determine a person's real views about his job and politics, and thus to isolate the unstable, the neurotic, the disloyal). David is fired and evicted, and the children are taken to a youth reclamation camp until he can provide "a proper home environment."

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This novel, with its anguished vision of America under the heel of Communists, spares us nothing. And yet, finally, the picture is inspiring. For David meets up with a handful of brave men and women who want to fight back. How they manage it, against impossible odds, is a hymn of hope that freedom will not die easily in our land.

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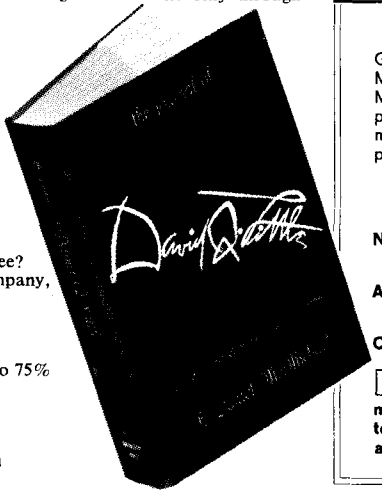

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JULY 11, 1967

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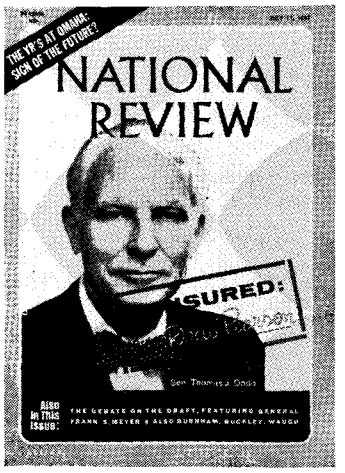
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ The Senate's incredible action against Senator Thomas Dodd comes in for a cold review by Mr. **Ferdinand Mount,** who concludes that the very kindest thing to say is that the evidence was at best moot. Mr. Mount, American correspondent for a London newspaper, followed the action from the Senate press gallery. . . . Mr. **Neal Freeman,** back from Omaha, tells us about the recent National Convention of the Young Republicans. It was a victory for responsible conservatives, says he, and it was the occasion for a stunning performance by Governor Reagan of California. Mr. Freeman, a member of the YRs' Executive Committee, managed to get a piece of the action behind the scenes. . . . And two reports from the Far East: A fascinating description of Red China through the eyes of those fortunate enough to escape is presented by **Maria London,** who possesses a degree in Slavic studies and is currently perfecting her Chinese and collaborating with her husband, Prof. Ivan London, in Russian and Chinese studies. Mr. **S. T. Hsieh,** an old China-watcher from his perch in Hong Kong (and a student under Prof. George Taylor, Yenching University, '37-'38), tells how Red China executed the conquest of Macao.


THE YR'S AT OMAHA: SIGN OF THE FUTURE?
NATIONAL REVIEW
SURED:
Sen. Thomas J. Dodd
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:
THE DEBATE ON THE DRAFT, FEATURING GENERAL
FRANK S. MEYER & ALSO BURNHAM, BUCKLEY, WAUGH

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** takes up the mess the Senate has left for itself in the wake of the Dodd censure. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** takes up the question of the volunteer military, arguing in the interest of libertarians. . . . **James Burnham** peruses the dust as it settles on Jerusalem, the Palestinian refugees, and the Suez Canal. . . . Dr. **Max Geltman** dissents warmly from Mr. Burnham's last column, arguing that Israel has fought *our* war (i.e. anti-Communist) in the Near East. . . . And **Alec Waugh** makes an interesting comparison of school reunions as they are practiced on this and thuther side of the Atlantic. It is clear why the English find their old school ties delectable.

➔ Major **George Fielding Eliot** reviews a new look by "Slam" Marshall, which he finds indispensable for an understanding of what the U.S. is accomplishing in Vietnam. . . . **M. Stanton Evans,** editor of the *Indianapolis News,* very much approves of R. Daniel McMichael's novel about the Orwellization of the United States. . . . **Anthony Lejeune,** writing from London, finds much to like in a trailblazing new book by the great French sociologist Jacques Ellul (whose *Propaganda* deserves wider fame.) It turns out that Prof. Ellul has taken up the attack along the whole front of Left-Liberal-Egalitarian-Democratism. . . . **C. H. Simonds** went to the auto show and—well, he himself drives a drophead Morgan, see? ➔

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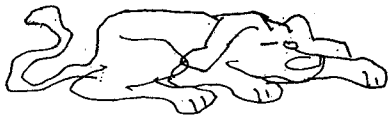

The Antidraft Movement

The points raised by James Burnham in "The Antidraft Movement" [June 13] were well-taken. It seems strange to me that the libertarian conservatives in general and YAF in particular apparently learned nothing from the ill-fated coalition between the libertarian conservatives and the New Left during Berkeley's infamous Free Speech Movement.

In the very early stages of the FSM, a formal coalition between the libertarians (e.g., Cal Conservatives for Political Action, and an admittedly fragmented group of YAFers) and the New Left was created. In the beginning, the libertarians were allowed a voice in the policy-making decisions of the group. However, after the FSM was infiltrated by Bettina Aptheker and her cohorts, the libertarians found themselves being dragged, much against their will, along a path created by the New Left. In the end the libertarians withdrew, but the damage had been done.

If Burnham is correct, and I can find no reason to doubt him, this pattern is about to be repeated in the antidraft movement.

DAVID L. WYLLIE

South San Francisco, Cal.

Thank God for James Burnham! I have long felt that those libertarians of my acquaintance (right-wing) who were so vehemently antidraft needed some cogent answering.

Seattle, Wash. JOAN M. ELING

Although I agree with James Burnham's laceration of the current antidraft movement, I detect an ideological repugnance in his reasoning. Mr. Burnham displays his basically pragmatic nature by asserting that ideology is "an untrustworthy guide to practical conduct." Further, the assertion that the Vietnam war "has become the duty of an unwilling nation," etc. is merely a reversion to the altruistic shibboleths of the Establishment. The essential preconditions necessary to a truly right-wing libertarian antidraft movement would actually divorce leftists from the movement: American national defense would be more stringently defined, and American resistance to neighboring Communist ploys (such as Cuba) would immensely sharpen. Mr. Burnham unfortunately thinks an antidraft movement is an antidraft movement is an antidraft movement.

Chapel Hill, N.C. KURT LEININGER

There is a difference in the intent and method of the Left and that of the Right in opposing the draft. The Left would abolish the draft today and replace it with nothing else. Their purpose is to destroy the defense (Left read: aggression) capabilities of the U.S. The Right would gradually replace the draft while making the armed forces an attractive field for a career or a patriotic sojourn of a few years. Reserve forces would, of course, be retained. The Right's plan would not harm the Vietnam war effort in any way.

After the draft is abolished. the Left will still have to oppose the war and the voluntary enlistments. And one of their big selling points — compulsion — will be gone. On the other hand, the Right will be in a better position: the country will still be defended *and* individual freedom will have been enhanced.

If this is an unprincipled front, perhaps it is the Left which will be "politically injured by it."

Burnham's argument that "no active antidrafter can *convincingly* criticize Cassius Clay or the draftcard burners" strikes me as a bit strange. Burnham certainly would not forestall criticism of the means of attaining an end by an adherent of another means. Clay breaks the law; we seek to change it.

Montgomery, Ala. W. E. STILL JR.

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Mr. Burnham says that "within any given political context . . . a Left-Right front against the Center is unprincipled." Is this empirically verifiable, or rather a convenient premise upon which Mr. Burnham chooses to base his anti-anti-draft movement polemic?

Libertarian-voluntarist arguments against the draft are causing many a leftist to reconsider his opposition to, say, voluntary social security. Is this bad?

Los Angeles, Cal. ARNOLD STEINBERG

James Burnham's June 13 column on 'the antidraft movement' prompts me to momentarily raise my voice from an expedient silence.

I can assure you that what Mr. Burnham hesitatingly assumes is most certainly correct: we conservatives are at heart against this war more each day. Here in the Bay area, my home since April, one finds distaste and disgust with this war, across the whole political spectrum. The most notable area of support for the war is in the center, or what should best be called mental limbo. These people react in an ideological fashion to the prevailing state of society; their view is static and not dynamic. So I trust you won't identify too closely with them.

Mr. Burnham's principled-front definition is quite appealing, though of course we pragmatists must test whether or not it is applicable in this case. It is not. The meat of the test is in the principles involved, that is, are they conflicting? If not, it would seem a practicable marriage-of-convenience might be desirable. Though disorientation of the rank and file will be a problem in this antidraft battle, is not disorientation a perpetual problem in all politics?

Mr. Burnham's assumption that the Right has joined the antidraft movement for simple, doctrinaire reasons is unfounded. It is of interest that this mobilization of principle occurs now, and not yesterday. There is a time and place, political nature to the Right's involvement. Perhaps the antidraft movement is antiwar; but it is also principled to some degree and could well increase if not confused and blocked by the "patriotic" middle of Burnham's spectrum. (Clay cannot be criticized justly for opposing his draft. He is no hero, because we question his sincerity.)

To the pragmatic statement that not enough soldiers would enlist, I can only reply that I think enough would. I do not know; and neither does Mr. Burnham. Presently young people avoid the draft because they know a high percentage can. By analogy, we live in a force field that induces one to dodge rather than enlist. Those who do enlist do so for reasons of countervailing forces, or in order to grab at some sort of

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humane existence beyond that of the draftees.

I can envision a force field inducing one to enlist in a voluntary force. I myself would join now if I knew the force depended on voluntary enlistments, if the risk of my neck seemed necessary. This is the Age of Cynicism in my generation. We are compelled to dodge or die for an ill-defined war; the goals are nebulous, political. My life means too much to me to die for a new Korea. I am not well convinced that Communism must be met militarily. Nationalistic forces are involved in such places as Vietnam, and ultimately could spell defeat for a burgeoning Soviet. I have no desire to risk myself in this war when any day all may be given away diplomatically. Though I may be shortsighted, yet I must note that wars have traditionally been defined in black and white terms. But the results of past wars are not half so clear.

My present concerns are the expediency of working in defense industry, the possibility of joining my Canadian comrades, the possibility of fighting the draft even unto prison, or risking combat and giving up the most important years of my life. It is a rough world, Mr. Burnham, and I can somewhat understand the Haight-Ashbury and Berkeley protests.

Palo Alto, Cal. DAVID R. WOOD

Paolucci's Coalition

Henry Paolucci in "Coalition for Victory in 1968" [June 13] sounds like an LBJ public relations man instead of a con-

(Continued on p. 761)

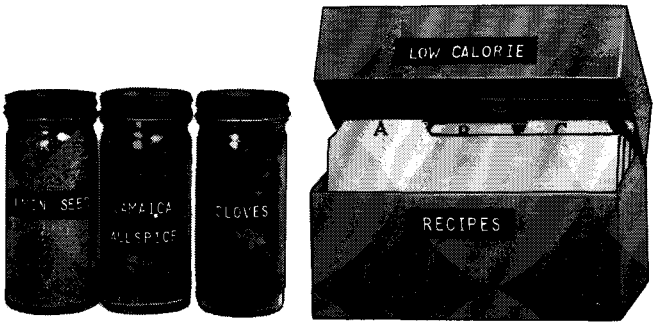
SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (June 27)

DEAN [CLARENCE] MANION, [MANION] FORUM BROADCAST:

The same Supreme Court which previously held that the First Amendment . . . prevents a formal, nondenominational prayer to Almighty God in a public classroom, has now ruled that the selfsame constitutional provision protects the teaching to atheistic Communism in the very same place.

George bought it for his workshop...

...and told his wife!



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● The House of Representatives, rather hastily, has approved a bill making it a crime to "cast contempt" on the American flag by "publicly mutilating, defacing, defiling or trampling upon it." (Burning done as defilement rather than as correct disposal, is not specifically mentioned.) Alas, that such a law should be thought necessary; alas, too, that it will serve only to give the flag-hating set the attention and martyrdom they so sickly desire—until the Supreme Court strikes it down as an abridgment of the Right to Dissent or whatever. *Rally* Magazine has proposed a simpler, more effective punishment for burners of the American flag: that they be sentenced to burn Vietcong flags. We suggest that each be made to don a lace cap and, *à la* Betsy Ross and with no sewing machine, give birth to a new Old Glory.

● Lee Harvey Oswald did the deed alone, and there *probably* was no conspiracy—so concluded CBS news in its four-hour "inquiry" into the Warren Commission report. Those conclusions will be dismissed by hard-core critics of the Commission, but perhaps the public mind has been eased a bit. CBS put the contending theories and fantasies about the assassination in some perspective, and offered impressive new evidence of its own, documented by elaborate tests, to show that Oswald could have fired three shots in the 5.6 seconds allotted him by the Commission, that he may very well have had several more seconds than that in which to fire, and that a single bullet could have caused the injuries to President Kennedy and Governor Connally. Jim Garrison's conspiracy theory got the Walter Cronkite perplexed-pout treatment, with an admission that until (if ever) that gentleman presents the evidence he's promised, the conspiracy possibility must be left open, just a crack.

● Is the *Liberty* episode being erased from history? So it begins to seem. This was a substantial affair. It was the most serious naval loss this country has suffered since 1944. The death roll has risen to at least forty-four—as high as in one of the major Vietnam battles. There were an additional sixty or more men injured, and the ship was heavily damaged. The strange circumstances of the attack also raise questions the answers to which belong in the record. What has happened to our prying journalistic corps and our editors normally so indignant at attempted suppression of the news? Just how badly was the *Liberty* smashed up? How much will repairs cost? Where is the full casualty list? Is the Israeli government following up its offer of compensation? How much compensation to the families of the dead, to the wounded men, and for the material damage? Why and how were the joint Chiefs' orders to move the ship "misrouted"?

● British Prime Minister Harold Wilson's strength was built on domination of the Labor Party and the adoration of the press. But he now seems to be losing his fabled political touch. He has squandered much Laborite goodwill by comparing party dissidents to mad dogs. Now he is alienating the press. Wilson claimed that a *Daily Express* story on cable-screening was a breach of security procedure. But the high level committee he set up to investigate the affair found no breach. Infuriated, Wilson made new charges against the civil servant involved, under the protection of Parliamentary privilege and without giving the opposition time to query the charges. Observers recall that it was Harold Macmillan's pillorying of the press in another security case that started his slide. With Britain's economy still weak and de Gaulle still implacably barring the way to the Common Market, Wilson's demeanor bears the signs of mild panic.

● Nasser's defeat has not disheartened his supporters in the South Arabian Federation. Worried by the mounting violence of the Egypt-backed terrorists in Aden, Britain went back on its planned military pull-out when the colony gets independence next January. Britain will now keep a military mission in Aden and equip the Federal army with $25 million worth of Hunter jets and artillery. This new toughness has sparked a mutiny among South Arabian army recruits—the first time the military has joined the civilian agitators; 25 Britons were killed. And the nationalists gained control of the Arab Crater district, bringing industry and commerce to a virtual halt. If and when the current violence abates, it is doubtful whether Britain will be able to prop up the uneasy federation of the feudal sheikhs in the hinterland and the Nasserites in Aden.

● The big Fiat contract for building a $600 million plant in Russia is being followed up. A contract has been signed with a French Peugeot-Renault combine to modernize and expand production of Moskvich cars, buses and trucks. Volkswagen is going into

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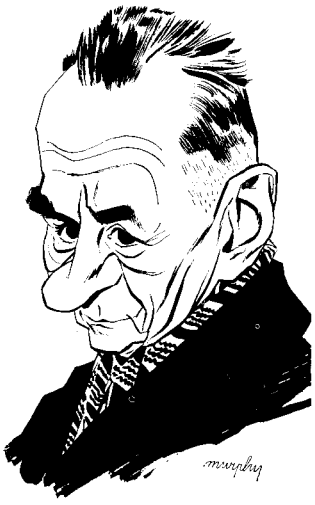
Bulgaria and may add Czechoslovakia. Other Western firms are negotiating with Hungary, Rumania and Poland. The prospect is for a large increase, percentagewise, in Communist automobilism. But in absolute terms the figures are not yet very impressive. In 1975 Communist automobile production is expected to be about one million yearly: the level reached by the United States in 1917, the year of the Bolshevik insurrection.

● The Federal Aviation Administration has an operating budget of $708 million and employs 43,000 people. This works out to one FAA employee for every 2.5 civil aircraft, or one FAA employee for every 11.4 active pilots. If there were a Federal Automobile Agency of equal pervasiveness, its budget would be $655 billion and it would employ 36 million people. Capt. Vernon Lowell, in his recent book *Airline Safety Is a Myth,* places the blame squarely on over-regulation by the FAA.

● Like most great wits, Dorothy Parker's mode of perception was essentially tragic. "Life is so full of happiness," she wrote toward the end of her own career as literary critic, "why must we have it in books, too?" It was indeed a solemn Dorothy Parker, who in the non-literary half of her life pursued political causes expressive of the grimmest self-alienation, whose last benefaction was to have ceded the bulk of her estate to Martin Luther King, a gentleman seldom, if ever, known to crack a joke, let alone a smile. So the gesture must stand, veiled from the comments of outsiders (those, especially, who would point out that *this* Mrs. Parker, the cause-promoting Mrs. Parker, was the *real* Mrs. Parker) by its perfect irony and autobiographical truth.

Meet Comrade Kosygin



Nobody expected Holly Bush to produce the berries, but at least it reminded both sides of the prickles. The traditional "cordial atmosphere" and "frank exchange of views" were followed by the equally traditional frostiness of Kosygin's press conference in New York and preceded by his vituperative UN speech on the Middle East. The war was all due to Israeli aggression. . . . The only way to improve Soviet-American relations is to end American aggression in Vietnam. . . . Svetlana Stalin is crazy. . . . The only publicized result—if you can call it a result—of the Holly Bush meeting is that agreement is near on a nuclear non-proliferation treaty, which has succeeded the test-ban treaty as the anodyne cause that doesn't much hurt those who have already got their stockpiles and can therefore be endorsed with enthusiasm by the great powers.

But still it was the first meeting between a President and a Soviet Premier since the Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting in Vienna. Six years is a long time for enemies to go without meeting. And the White House seems to have learned the lesson of the Vienna fiasco—not to inflate hopes which must inevitably be proven false. The balance of sophisticated Soviet diplomacy required that Johnson be included in a de Gaulle-UN-Castro-de Gaulle itinerary. Emperors must talk with other emperors in order to impress their vassals with their desire for peace and stability. Equally, Johnson was long overdue for a foray into big-power talks, which usually prove potent political adrenalin. The PR pacifism of Holly Bush will reassure not of course the obsessive Vietniks, but the genuinely perplexed thousands who feel that a different, more statesmanlike President might perhaps have achieved a miraculous peace-without-sacrifice in Vietnam. Now the undecided have been given a striking contrast between Johnson's reasonable and restrained catalog of United States aims in the Middle East and Kosygin's ranting demands in the United Nations for Israel not only to withdraw to the armistice boundaries *before* a peace settlement but also to restore all seized property. "Give us back our MiGs" is hardly likely to strike the impartial observer as the cry of a good loser or a statesman, particularly in view of U Thant's judgment that it was the Egyptians who really started the war (though with typical equivo-

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cation, he refused to decide who had fired the first shot). The Soviets, misreading both the relative intentions and military effectiveness of the combatants, have backed an expensive loser. Even those leftists who denounce Johnson as a paranoiac can by contrast accuse him only of an excess of moderation in the Middle East. The conjunction of the Middle East crisis and the Holly Bush meeting (not forgetting LBJ's use of the hot line during the war) can do the President nothing but good with the voters.

Meanwhile Kosygin has to pour more arms into the Middle East to replace the $10 billion damage done by the Israeli bombers. And Johnson has to return to the thankless options of the Vietnam war. Sunny afternoons on a New Jersey campus do not change the unyielding realities. But they ought to give both sides a clearer appreciation of those realities. No Kremlin theorist should now be in doubt about America's will to stand firm in Vietnam. And the dreamgatherers must wonder what has happened to the Soviet Union with which they had nestled in their cozy fantasies.

Doves, Hawks and Morality

"Moral principles and legal commitments may be invoked to justify a policy arrived at on other grounds," declares Prof. Hans J. Morgenthau, in a lofty tone, at the beginning of an article on "The U.S. and the Mideast" (*New Leader*, June 19) in which he scurries around looking for principles and commitments that will justify his own now-you-see-it-now-you-don't switch from Vietnam dove to Mideast hawk. Israel is not merely the homeland of the Jewish people but sort of a lar of the Western Left—of the same order, as the Left feels it, as the Spanish Republic, or picket lines. When Israel was closely threatened a month ago, most Jews and most of the non-Jewish Left (except for Communists, for whom discipline comes before feeling) responded automatically with a call for all-out support of Israel by any means, military most particularly included. They did not wait to reason out exactly why the U.S. Government should be willing to fight for Israel in these suddenly developed conditions nor exactly how they were going to reconcile eagerness for military measures against the Arabs with the negative view not a few of them have taken toward military measures against the Communists in Southeast Asia.

These rational gaps were noticed by their fellow-citizens, including their President, and the dawks, as they might be termed, felt uncomfortable. Their spokesmen turn to the job of plugging the intellectual holes. Hence Prof. Morgenthau's sort of article and comments like those in the rather breathless interview given June 23 by Senator George McGovern at a New York rally originally called for the exclusive purpose of discussing (i.e., opposing) the Vietnam war, but changed now to "Vietnam-Israel: There is a Difference."

According to Senator McGovern, as quoted, Israelis deserve support because they have "a clear sense of national purpose," but the Vietnamese don't rate because "the Vietnamese people are still in search of their national identity." The McGovern point here is rather too subtle for easy comprehension. If Ho Chi Minh gives the Vietnamese a sense of national identity, will Senator McGovern be then willing to give them military help—against, say, the Malaysians who are still in search of theirs?

The dawks are going to have a tough time patching up. It is possible to argue in purely strategic, political and economic terms that the U.S. had a compelling interest justifying military intervention in this recent Mideast affair but does not in Southeast Asia. So argued, the point of view, whether or not correct, is intellectually and morally respectable. But few dawks have so restricted themselves. Most of them have featured in their discussion the moral and emotional condemnation of killing, napalm, big-power crushing of small nations, bombings, destruction of nonmilitary targets, etc. All doves who have based their view wholly or in part on such considerations, and who became willing to accept killing, napalm, bombings and the rest in the Mideast, are henceforth stripped of moral standing.

The GOP and '68

They're off and running. Let the rule be proclaimed: From now on, everything done or said by any prominent Republican must be interpreted in the light of 1968 Presidential politics. To wit:

Jacob Javits. The New York Senator continues to describe himself as a "warm human being," and therefore *presidentabile*. Not so warm, however, that Governor Rockefeller hasn't begun to hold himself out as New York's favorite son candidate at the 1968 Convention. Recently Mayor Lindsay reiterated his support of Javits in the teeth of a weak breeze for Rocky. It looks uphill all the way.

John Lindsay. Manhattan's Mayor is running hard and outside. See next item.

Richard Nixon. Still the darling of the pollsters, Nixon stands to pick up all the chips but only on one condition: that everyone else drops them all at once. In a gun-down at the GOP Corral, Nixon would collapse. Sign of weakness: last week a trial balloon for a Nixon-Lindsay ticket floated zanily upward from a Manhattan law office. Would Nixon be himself toying with such heresy (what other word describes Lindsay's repudiation of the 1964 GOP ticket)? Even if it was done without Nixon's knowledge,

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the gaffe is obvious. Any man who pays advisers to fall flat on their faces isn't quite selling himself *presidentabilissimo* as the candidate.

Charles Percy. The Illinois Senator's trouble was, he had to stay "available" while not pushing so hard as to dislodge the frontrunner, Romney, whose support he would have to inherit. Percy suffered both ways: he started, PR-wise, obscure; when he did occasionally surface, he peaceniked himself to death. For all intents and purposes he is a piece of the past.

Ronald Reagan. Reagan fascinates the political writers. He keeps on coming. Polls show him rising; major magazines *(Fortune, U.S. News)* give him big spreads; hostile reporters admit his magnetic performances ("Not since Johnny Vander Meer has anyone pitched two no-hitters in a row"). Definite sign of the big upsweep: Barry Goldwater, who has backed Nixon exclusively up to now, began last week to talk of the possibility of a Reagan candidacy: "There are people around him moving him in that direction." Political reporter David Broder on June 27 speculatively identified some of those "people" as F. Clifton White and a few others who had a hand in moving Goldwater "in that direction" not long ago. Columnist William S. White surmises that Reagan's appeal is to the vast middle class which turns "with a deep public revulsion from hipsterism." This may explain the great rise in "middle-of-the-road" voters. Reagan is conservative; his followers consider themselves plain ordinary decent commonsensical folk.

Nelson Rockefeller. A couple of months ago Governor Rockefeller firmly repulsed all Presidential talk. Now he holds himself out as a possible "favorite son" of New York. *U.S. News* believes he has the "resources" with which to finance a major campaign. Surely Rockefeller will fall heir to the Romney momentum—not an unmixed blessing.

George Romney. Governor David Cargo of New Mexico went to the Western Governors Conference in Montana late in June hoping to bull through an endorsement of Michigan's Governor Romney as the West's choice for the 1968 GOP ticket. He had to fall back and regroup, however, because he couldn't rustle up the vote. Cargo, incidentally, gave an accurate description of the speed with which Governor Reagan has been rising.

Rough Sailing Ahead

The State Department has chosen an odd moment for releasing the news that three new treaties with Panama concerning control of the present canal and a possible future canal through Panamanian territory have been drawn up and will soon be submitted for ratification to the Senate. We and the rest of the world are in the midst of what one would think a fairly striking lesson in what it means to turn over a key sector of global communication to the government of a small, unstable and underdeveloped nation. The current closing of the Suez Canal—whether brought about by Nasser's vengefulness or his weakness—is going to cost the nations of the world, beginning with his own, hundreds of millions of dollars in addition to vast inconvenience and considerable suffering. Simultaneously we learn that the U.S. Government is now going to give the world's other intercontinental by-pass to the small, unstable, underdeveloped and (like Egypt in these also) highly volatile and badly infiltrated nation of Panama.

This, in substance, is what the terms of the proposed new treaties amount to, beneath a slew of complicated provisions for a bi-national commission. The commission would operate the Canal, but Panamanian sovereignty over both the Canal and the Zone, as well as the possible second Panamanian canal, would be formally recognized. And "sovereign" means boss. ("We're Asking for It in Panama," Edward Hunter entitled his article in NATIONAL REVIEW's issue of Mar. 14, 1959; and the warnings have repeatedly resounded since in NATIONAL REVIEW.)

So, a few years from now, there should be no reason for surprise if a left-wing front or a military junta that might so possibly take power in Panama —the community of small, underdeveloped nations being what it is—should sink a ship or blow a lock

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Sonnet to a Liberal Mama

Certainly, if the jurisdictions comprising the Washington metropolitan area can cooperate in the establishment of a metropolitan transit authority, the possibility of such cooperation in the field of education should not be denied.
U. S. Judge J. Skelly Wright

What wretched luck! De facto segregation
Is doomed to a precipitous decline
Just after you had filed an application
For Pam and Jil—across the District line.
Let's face it, Mama: these are dreadful days.
We're *all* for integration in the South;
(Remember how we showered Ike with praise
When Faubus got a fistful in the mouth?)
Unfortunately, what Judge Skelly Wright
Envisages is something else again.
Why bus the (heartbreaking) big city blight
Out into Arlington? Or Darien?
Dear Mama, though I know you hate the haste
of it,
The time has come for you to get a taste of it.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Eidetic Foggy Bottom historians will recall that some time around Jan. 1, 1959, Fidel Castro established a Marxist-Leninist government in Havana and announced there were more to come elsewhere in Latin America. Categorical recorders of the ins-and-outs of State Department hemispheric policy may even remember that shortly after the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962, the official line had it that Moscow was fed up with Castro and would not long spend $1 million a day to prop up his regime. Almost five years and $2 billion later, the Department, having been caught with its *détente* down in the Middle East, is now being warned that Fidel Castro is not only still alive, but getting along very well in Venezuela, Colombia, Guatemala, Bolivia and other points south. In a special report, to be released momentarily, the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs, headed by Rep. Armistead I. Selden (D., Ala.), says that Moscow-supplied and Castro-directed guerrilla activities are moving from amber to red danger stage in those four countries. Elsewhere in the report, the House Subcommittee deals brusquely with the apparent inability of the Organization of American States to move quickly or firmly enough to handle Castro-inspired eruptions in Central and South America; and questions whether State is taking sufficiently "forceful" diplomatic and economic steps to discourage trading with the Castro government. Responding, a Department witness told the House panel that as far as State knows, "the overall situation is better than it was several years ago, although probably slightly worse than last year," i.e., either improving at a deteriorating rate or deteriorating at an improving rate. . . . Moscow is even getting an extra-continental bonus for its largesse. Subcommittee testimony confirms the intelligence that Castro guerrilla cadres are operating in several African countries, training native irregulars in the conduct of "wars of national liberation." *Mañana el mundo.*

◆ With unerring inaccuracy, the President's National Crime Commission in recent weeks has been lobbing shells over, around and about its ostensible target, issuing supplemental reports dealing with the derelictions and shortcomings of police efficials, municipal authorities, parole and rehabilitation agencies—that is, just about everybody *except* the perpetrators of crime, who, after all, are victims of society, etc. Now, however, two House committees have reported out bills dealing with the purported problem. The House Judiciary Committee approved "The Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice Act"—name-changed from the "Safe Streets Act" because Republican members objected to the Democrats' running off with the GOP 1964 (and 1968?) campaign slogan. Reflecting the President's view that crime is "embedded in the conditions of our society," this bill authorizes state and local grants ($50 million the first year) to develop "new approaches" to law enforcement. Meanwhile, with crime statistics taking a quantum jump in the Capitol itself, the House District of Columbia Committee has put through (by a margin of 355-14) its Omnibus D.C. Crime Bill, which would plug some of the holes drilled in local law enforcement by recent federal court decisions. The President vetoed the Omnibus D.C. Crime Bill passed by the 89th Congress, but sponsors are hopeful that incorporated changes will meet his former objections. If not, ventures one member of the District Committee, LBJ could find a second veto overridden by senators and congressmen increasingly apprehensive over the safety of their families and staff members.

◆ Sen. Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.) has introduced a bill to name the Old Senate Office Building after Harry Truman. Not Harry Truman, the former President, of course, but Harry Truman, the former Vice President and Senator from Missouri. On the other side of the Capitol, the three House Office Buildings are named for former Speakers Cannon, Longworth and Rayburn. But there are obstacles in the way of Magnuson's proposal. It would, for one thing, set a precedent by naming a major federal building after a living personage. However, if objections were overcome and the measure passed (it now pends before the Subcommittee on Standing Rules), a question would then arise concerning the New Senate Office Building. If the House pattern is to be followed, GOP members would certainly ask for bipartisan balance and the naming of the NSOB for one of their own. So that if the Magnuson Bill passes, nominations would be in order, and if Ray Bliss thinks he has troubles now . . .

—CATO

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in the Canal, or find itself impotent to prevent someone else from doing so. Off all the ships would have to sail ten thousand miles around the Horn as today they are sailing round the Cape.

It may be that the older imperial style of running these great international facilities is no longer viable. But it does not follow that the only alternative to absentee control by an individual major power is to cede them to the weak, incompetent and unreliable nation across whose territory they happen to lie. In the case of both the Suez (see James Burnham in this issue) and Panama canals it is surely possible to devise some sort of major-power guarantees that will provide the security for a nonpolitical technical administration. From a nationalist point of view, what is no doubt best is that my nation should have the absolute right to open or close the facility to whomever, just as suits my nation's specific interests. If this is ruled out—and it is perhaps wise as well as politically expedient that it should be in

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our day—then there ought to be, one would think, an arrangement giving maximum assurance that the passage should be kept open always, to everyone. Panamanian sovereignty does not seem much more likely than Egyptian sovereignty to give such assurance.

We trust the Senate will give these new documents due and watchful scrutiny.

The ADA's Agony

The Vietnam war continues gnawing at the vitals of the liberal community. At its April convention, Americans for Democratic Action plastered over its wounds a unanimous resolution declaring that its "commitment is to a sane peace and the advance of the cause of human justice and equality." But at the May board meeting, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin—ex-JFK White House intimates, now RFK outriders—presented a resolution, subsequently adopted by those present, pledging ADA support for "that candidate of either party who offers a genuine hope for restraint of the war in Vietnam and for its peaceful resolution on honorable terms." In other words, a Harvard-Machiavellian sort of power play: a threat that ADA, which from its foundation in 1947 has never failed to support the Democratic candidate in a Presidential election, and which has a charter member and former chairman now serving as vice president, will desert the Johnson ship unless he moves doveward on Vietnam.

Other ADA board members not present at the May meeting were thrown into a frenzy. Gus Tyler, assistant president of the powerful International Ladies Garment Workers Union, flew to his typewriter to hammer out a letter noting that the resolution would commit ADA to even a "reactionary Republican isolationist against a liberal Democrat because the former promises peace." Tyler demanded a revision of "this monomania [that] would isolate ADA from the mainstream of American politics": i.e. from the Democratic Party which butters our bread. It is rumored that forty or more of ADA's 150 board members are backing Tyler. It is clear by the names that have come out on both sides that the lineup is, broadly speaking, the intellectuals and academicians *v.* the trade unionists and other organization types; that is, ideologues *v.* pragmatists.

John Kenneth Galbraith, ADA's national chairman, has so far sat silent on his bubbling cauldron being, in his own words, elaborately evasive.

Omaha

It does depend on the way you look at it, does it not? Mr. Freeman's account (p. 747) of the speech last week by Ronald Reagan to the Young Republican National Federation: "In a wide-ranging, sharply phrased, exquisitely delivered speech, Reagan brought 1,500 bone-weary conventioneers to their feet more than a dozen times." *Time* Magazine's: "The Governor's speech [was] a pallid recitation of his administration's accomplishments contrasted with the 'non-accomplishments' of the Johnson Administration . . ."

The difference in the assessment of a single forensic performance reflect the differences of opinion about the YRs, who are these days being greatly resented by spokesmen for modern Republicanism and everlasting liberalism. The account in *Time* Magazine reads as though it has been written by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. The gentleman was so outraged he couldn't bear it, and went so far as to suggest that the overwhelming majority of the 650 YRs who voted Mr. J. McDonald the chairmanship are best described as Rat Finks, a phrase not coined by *Time* Magazine during the neologistic '30s. But leading them all in outrage was, of course, the Ripon Society, a little group of Cambridge intellectuals whose mission in life is to extirpate every trace of difference between the Republican and the Democratic Parties. The Ripon Society characterized the action of the YRs with customary detachment: "Frightened, closed off from the larger world, adopting xenophobic resolutions, suspiciously rejecting all outside advice, repudiating its national chairman, unseating a major state delegation, thereby tacitly endorsing racism, threatening to dissolve all party ties . . . . the Young Republican National Federation in Omaha last week was a sad and sobering reminder of what can happen to a great political institution when it falls into irresponsible hands."

Now if you pour a little water on that inflamed gibberish and fan away the smoke, you will discover that what happened at Omaha is very simply this, that the Young Republicans decided to continue in the future as they have in the past substantially to govern their own affairs. This, subject to certain limitations, is altogether healthy. If the YRs were completely controlled by the senior party, they would certainly not have the 400,000 members they now do, and anyway the YRs are not children, but young men and women in their twenties and early thirties. Their choice of a conservative as chairman, in the absence of a demonstration that the election was rigged or that liberal Republicans are being discriminated against in the state conventions, simply reflects the mood of Republican youth, and it is a mood some of us rejoice over. The attempt to make them appear extremist goes undocumented, for the simple reason that it is undocumentable. The convention, for instance, rejected the alluring, but sadly impractical, Liberty Amendment. And there wasn't even a resolution proffered, as there had been at

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Miami two years earlier by a cherubic young lad of noble vision, that the UN in New York be dismantled, and converted into a memorial for the late Senator Joe McCarthy.

At Omaha the YRs, far from evidencing any racism, cheered the victory of Senator Brooke of Massachusetts, and the disdain of Governor Rockefeller of Arkansas for any racist rhetoric during his own campaign. They praised the work of Ray Bliss, and consented to representation by the senior party in the governing board of the YRs. On the other hand, they said No—N-O—to the forces of Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania who has been working ardently to satellize the YRs, and this time used New Jersey and Rhode Island as salients. The Convention firmly refused to seat a dummy delegation, and quite rightly too. And then, when the landslide vote for the anti-Scott McDonald came flooding in, the Virginia delegation dotted the i of the Convention's determination by roaring into the loudspeaker with a twinkle: "The great state of Virginia, birthplace of Senator Hugh Scott, casts all thirteen of its votes for McDonald."

If the Ripon Society desires to liberalize the YRs, it had better liberalize youth in general. Why not urge Harvard to hire a few liberal professors?

The Right to Privacy

We note, with infinite gratification, that Congressman Jackson E. Betts (R., Ohio) has introduced a bill in the House providing for voluntary responses to the sociological survey that will be conducted in association with the 1970 Census. It has been a long fight.

New readers of this magazine may not remember that one of our editors, William Rickenbacker, wrote in 1960 a slashing attack on the "every fourth house" questionnaire that the Census Bureau distributed in 1960; was haled into court for his pains, fined $100 and given sixty days, suspended. Perhaps that was the beginning, perhaps too long delayed, of the current fight for privacy. We were all alone in those days.

Then in 1964 the noted author, Vance Packard, hit the best-seller lists with *The Naked Society*, an individualist's cry against the intrusion of governmental and industrial snooping devices. By then Congressman John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) had introduced a bill in the House calling for voluntary responses to the sociological survey, but the times were not good. People were hypnotized by gadgetry. Senator Edward Long's investigatory hearings of the past year concentrated exclusively on the circuitry and technical finesse and magical wizardry of eavesdroppers, and not at all on the rights of citizens. The Supreme Court continued to think of privacy as something to be protected only when it is a convicted criminal's (the Court had refused to hear Mr. Rickenbacker's appeal in 1962).

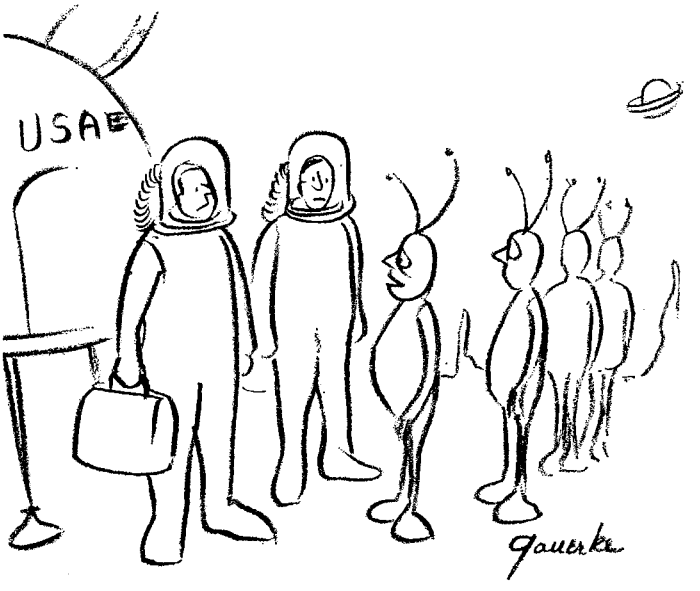
Senator Long has published a book on the subject (reviewed in *NR*, May 2, 1967), and two new books will shortly be reviewed in these pages. Privacy has become a hot topic. Messrs. Packard and Rickenbacker cooperated earlier this year in forming the National Right to Privacy Committee (Box 1984, Briarcliff Manor, New York). The purposes of the committee are to introduce some sanity into the proliferation of eavesdropping devices; to build in some citizens' protective clauses anent the proposed National Data Bank; and to allow voluntary responses on the 1970 and all succeeding sociological household questionnaires.

Although Congressman Betts is a statistically sound conservative (ACA 96, ADA 0), there is no built-in conservative-liberal argument on this question. Liberals such as Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey are on record as supporting such a proposal. It is only a matter of time before the right to privacy is upheld once again as the noble object envisioned by William Pitt the elder:

> The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter, the rain may enter—but the King of England may not enter—all his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.

The Natives are Stirring

The June issue of *Commentary*, the supersolid publication of the American Jewish Committee, features an immense article by Mr. Richard N. Goodwin



"Whatever you do, don't walk too far in any one direction. You'll fall right off the edge."

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entitled "The Shape of American Politics." Mr. Goodwin used to be a special assistant to Presidents Kennedy and, for a bit, Johnson, and is now a fellow at the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan University. He invented the slogan, Alliance for Progress. At the end of his piece he refers to himself as, not a fellow at Wesleyan, but—"a practicing politician." Which is true. He is practicing up for the election of Bobby Kennedy as President.

The fascinating thing about Goodwin's piece is that he tosses so many bouquets our way. NATIONAL REVIEW stated in its very first issue, November 19, 1955, that "the growth of government" is "the dominant social feature of this century." Now a certified brain of the certified Left agrees. Says Mr. Goodwin: "The growth of central, or federal, power in America during the past few decades has been phenomenal."

One wonders what saith
John Kenneth Galbraith?

And he continues: It is "the most troubling political fact of our age: that the growth in central power has been accompanied by a swift and continual diminution in the significance of the individual citizen. . . ."

He complains that the Presidency has acquired overweening power, that the Congress has ratified the magnification of the White House, and that the third branch, the Supreme Court, makes "major political decisions, unresponsive to the democratic process, in secret meetings on Friday afternoons." Of the Court he harbors Welchite suspicions: "Both the number and the scope of such decisions steadily mount. Liberal critics have generally approved this development because they approve the content of the decisions, while the fundamental reshaping of an important institution seems not to trouble them. But it is a transformation which almost certainly will come back to plague us. . . ."

Mr. Goodwin displays, also, a sensitivity to conservative intuition which does him credit. "For radical and swift changes," he writes, "require great and concentrated authority, which, in turn, is extraordinarily dangerous in the wrong hands. . . . It is possible that conservatives have something to teach about the value of institutional arrangements, and the unwisdom of sacrificing them to immediate desires."

But the difficulty of rearranging his thoughts all at once is evident, because Mr. Goodwin backslides into a toleration of just such centralization: "Central power is not in itself contemptible or hazardous. . ." But still later: "Initially, the elaborate structure of American federalism mirrored the judgment that a great deal should be left to local authority. For decades we have been moving in the other direction. Not only is this a dangerous and, as I believe, a mistaken course, but. . . ."

Towards the end he gives an excellent thumbnail essay on the philosophy of decentralization: "Although decentralization is designed to help combat the social and spiritual ills of fragmentation, it also responds to the fact that centralized bureaucracies tend to become increasingly ineffective and coercive in direct proportion to the scope and intricacy of the problem they are established to solve. This was apparent when much of government action consisted of grants, subsidies, or insurance for individuals. It is not difficult to write checks. Now, however, we must apply completely technical and planning skills to wide-ranging difficulties. One need only look at the fantastic labyrinth of welfare programs, the monstrous incapacities of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—operated by one of the best teams of executives in government—as well as the foreseeable futilities of the new Departments of Housing and Urban Development and Transportation, to realize that something is wrong with the old approach."

It's interesting that a Kennedy braintruster should say such things at all; interesting that he should be published in *Commentary;* sad and sweet to realize he is saying the kind of thing we have been saying for years. And so to sleep, dreaming sweet dreams based on Mr. Goodwin's forecast: ". . . The idea of decentralization is making its first timid and tentative appearance in political rhetoric. It is possible to predict that the first party to carry this banner (if buttressed by a solid program) will find itself on the right side of the decisive issue of the 1970s."

Would you believe '68?

Notes and Asides

Beginning with this issue, NATIONAL REVIEW's subscription service is being computerized. Whee. But wait—the service should be better than ever, and to those who say nothing less could be expected, we reply: *provided* our beloved readers cooperate. It is as simple as this. The system is infallibile *if* those who seek to change their subscriptions, or to chat about their subscriptions, attach to their letters the address label as it appears on the magazine. Any failure to do that completely gums up the system. When you wish to change your address (incidentally: you must be the most mobile readership in the entire world. Won't you *ever* settle down?), please enclose (of course) your current address label, and then give your new address including the new ZIP number. The Feds will not accept an address without the Zip. Many thanks. This time, we feel sure, all systems are go.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The Rights of Large Nations

There is no prospect for a stable settlement—a "solution"—of the Israel-Arab conflict. It is possible to conceive of a settlement but from a practical standpoint there is no chance that it would be put into effect. For instance, one might conceive that Israel should cease being a Jewish state; should, that is to say, become a secular, pluralist, progressive, one-man one-vote republic in the Western mode, with no second-class citizens and no special relation to any citizens of other nations—a country in which Jews happened to be a majority at the moment, but non-Jews had full rights and might become, through one development or another, a majority.

Burnham

'Forgetting' and 'Accepting'

In relation to a state of that kind, one might conceive that the Arabs could "forget the past," "accept Israel's existence" and sit down to hard-headed negotiations based on military, political and economic realities. There would no longer be in the situation the supra-secular, supra-temporal factors that cannot be resolved by pragmatic bargaining. With those absolutes present, however, it it not persuasive to advise the Arabs to accept Israel's existence after nineteen years. The Jews, oriented on the supra-secular, declined to accept Israel's non-existence for 1900 years. Even without the supra-secular we refuse to accept Communist China's existence after eighteen years, and East Germany's after twenty-two.

Of course it is *conceivable* that the Arabs should let bygones be bygones and reconcile themselves to the best deal they can get, even without any change in Israel's political nature; it is conceivable, but no more likely than that Israel is at present ready to change.

Small Expectations

A prudent diplomacy will therefore restrain its hopes. Some sort of awkward temporary arrangement that will creak along for a while is about the best that can be expected. And it would be unwise to be in too much of a rush to get even that minimum. After so sudden and fierce a stirring, this is indeed dust that should be permitted to settle a bit. The U. S. will only help prolong, perhaps increase, the confusion if it tries to intervene prematurely with a proposal for a general settlement. However, there are specific problems of legitimate direct concern to other nations as well as Israel and the Arab states. This might be the very best occasion for doing something about some of these.

Jerusalem, for one. By virtue of its history and its holy places, Jerusalem has a special relation to the Jews, Moslems and Christians of all nations. Politically, Jerusalem ought to be a unique enclave, an open city with international status and access guaranteed to all under an administration including representatives of the three faiths. The UN originally proposed, and the Vatican again urges, an internationalized set-up for Jerusalem; the practical difficulties, though many, should not be insurmountable. It would please neither Jews nor Arabs—a point greatly in its favor, since it means they might both become reconciled to it, which both could never be to any alternative.

Then, the refugees, the new wave along with those left from the old. Refugees on this scale cannot be considered a merely local problem, and in the modern world are not. The Arab states and Israel share responsibility: Israel predominantly, for creating the refugees (now and before), but the Arab states also for having deliberately prevented many of them from being reabsorbed into society, in order to use them as weapons and blackmail against Israel. The great powers, if they were to act again like great powers, would force a liquidation of the refugee problem by compelling Israel and the Arab states to live up to their duties, and by themselves giving substantial aid.

Third, the Suez Canal. This latest Canal blockage really ought to be the last straw. It is ridiculous that the nations of the world, in particular the major powers, put up with the monumental economic and human loss caused by the closing of this key segment of global communications. It is absurd that the Canal should be subject to the whims of a petty, irresponsible and fanatic local dictator. The Suez Canal ought to be open always to every vessel that wants to use it. If it had not been for Eisenhower's mush-headedness, its integrity might have been preserved under responsible Western control. It is too late for that.

Keep Them Sailing

The only solution that remains now would be international administration and policing under a firm major-power guarantee. This means taking control away from the UAR, with fair compensation. Now, when Israeli troops hold the Canal's eastern bank, looks like a fine occasion for the transfer. With the Canal open, moreover, the Strait of Tirana ceases to be a significant problem. It is not impossible that the Communist nations, which are being mightily inconvenienced, would be willing to go along on this one. If it suggested that the argument applied to the Suez Canal applies also to the Panama Canal, well, why not? The point is to keep the great sea passages open to all shipping.

Finally, a thought might be given to Yemen. While the Israeli affair is still hot, why not get quietly together with the anti-Egyptian Yemeni forces and the Saudi Arabians to run out the Egyptian troops and the Egyptian stooges?

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Dodd and Mammon

FERDINAND MOUNT

Third Sunday after Trinity. "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." In the white-walled country church in Virginia, the bronzed preacher recalls the evidence that the devil is still very much with us—Hitler and six million Jews, the "Vietcongolese," the napalm, Stalin's purges, Adam Clayton Powell and "in the Senate, we have Senator Dodd whose financial dealings are subject to the severest question. . . ."

What is Thomas Joseph Dodd doing in this squalid company? How does it come about that a two-term United States senator, a respected liberal Democrat at home, a perceptive and pugnacious analyst of the Communist threat at large, should be precipitately and passionately denounced as a swindler, a con man and a common thief? The answer is a sad paradigm of the misuse of the mass media. Senator Strom Thurmond said Dodd "had suffered from the prejudgment of the press. Seldom has there been such a case of malicious slander in the nation." But it was more than this. For the Dodd case shows how it becomes almost impossible to rebut or to judge fairly accusations which have been constantly repeated on television and in the newspapers, particularly when the evidence is extremely complex and narrowly balanced. The Senate did its utmost to act as a just judge and jury. No assembly in the world could have tried harder. And yet in the end, the pressures—of public opinion, of the media, of ineradicably preformed ideas in the senators' own minds—were probably too much for them. No bad thing for a public body to enforce stern rules on its members. But on this occasion the senators were bound to feel that an acquittal would not only be a slap in the eye for their own Ethics Committee but would also lower public confidence in the Senate. If Dodd was let off, it would only go to show that the Senate was just a cosy club which looked after its own. But was Dodd guilty? Well, no smoke without fire, you know. . . .

Marjorie Carpenter, Dodd's former personal secretary who helped to remove his files, takes her seat at the hearings. Across the table, Dodd (right) and attorney.

The Prosecution

A bright June morning. Lilies bloom round the gleaming Capitol. In the Senate Chamber, John Cornelius Stennis (D., Miss.) rises to propose Senate Resolution 112. Stennis, a veteran of the McCarthy censure, is the Chairman of the Select Committee on Standards and Conduct, vulgarly known as the Ethics Committee. On each senator's desk: the two green volumes of evidence totaling 1164 pages plus the thirty-page report. In the buttonhole of Senator Sam Ervin's sky-blue jacket: a red carnation. But the 83 senators present—unheard-of attendance called forth by an extraordinary situation—are not in festive mood. Stennis reminds them that the matter is no longer in the hands of the six Committee members: "It rests in the bosom of the Senate." The Senate looks distinctly uncomfortable at being landed with this awkward burden. Sen. Res. 112 must be quoted in full, for its florid phrasing conceals more procedural thorns than any rose:

"Resolved, that it is the judgment of the Senate that the Senator from Connecticut, Thomas J. Dodd, for having engaged in a course of conduct over a period of five years from 1961 to 1965 of exercising the influence and power of his office as a United States Senator, as shown by the conclusions in the Investigation by the Select Committee on Standards and Conduct,

"(a) to obtain, and use for his personal benefit, funds from the public through political testimonials and a political campaign, and

"(b) to request and accept reim-

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bursements for expenses from both the Senate and private organizations for the same travel,

"deserves the censure of the Senate; and he is so censured for his conduct, which is contrary to accepted morals, derogates from the public trust expected of a Senator; and tends to bring the Senate into dishonor and disrepute."

Harsh language, but arguably no harsher than would be justified if the charges can be proved. Stennis in a flat, blaring voice and with expansive rotating gestures defines the charges more precisely. At this stage he attempts to be rigorously fair. Later, when the Committee's methods are questioned, he becomes somewhat plaintive and self-justifying. He claims that he is not prosecuting, but protecting what the Committee believes to be the truth. But inevitably he is cast in the prosecutor's role. Stennis is not condemning testimonial dinners as such, he insists; the charges relate solely to the use of the money, "raised under all the banners and trappings of political campaigning." The public was not "advised" of the purpose of the events. Newspapers at the time uniformly reported that the idea was to raise funds for Senator Dodd's campaign. The dinners were organized by Dodd's staff and by prominent Connecticut politicos. Dodd's treasurer mingled the money raised at the dinners with the campaign funds. All the circumstances of these affairs pointed to a political purpose.

On the charges of double reimbursement of expenses (the so-called double-billing charge), the Stennis line is that the seven instances agreed on by Dodd and the Committee must be seen as "a planned operation amounting to a course of conduct"—in other words, that Dodd knew about the chicanery and acquiesced in it. This question of *intent* was to become crucial.

Finally, Stennis attempted to protect the Committee against one of the main howitzers of the defense—that the allegations came from a tainted source. How could the senators censure one of their number on the basis of documents stolen from the Senator's office by four faithless and illicitly amorous sacked employees of Dodd's? How could the Senate accept the allegations of two unscrupulous columnists, Drew Pearson and

Jack Anderson: Drew Pearson's assistant muckraker.

Jack Anderson, against a senator of hitherto unblemished character? Stennis sought to show that the Committee had not drunk at these poisoned wells, that their conclusions were based almost exclusively on the 116 clauses of the printed facts as stipulated between Dodd and the Committee plus sworn supporting testimony which was undisputed by Senator Dodd. Two vital exceptions to this clean record emerged:

1. Dodd's *intent* to double-bill rested almost solely on the word of Michael O'Hare, Dodd's former bookkeeper and one of the faithless four. O'Hare's bookkeeper-predecessors denied that the Senator had ever asked them to double-bill.

2. The most telling evidence that the testimonial functions were political came in a letter from Dodd to LBJ, thanking the then Vice President for offering to take part and saying "how much your visit will assist us in getting my campaign drive under way." This letter, quoted by Senator Percy, was among the stolen files and did not come up at the hearings.

Stennis concludes by asking for "a clear and unmistakable expression of disapproval. If we pass up this matter, then sometime, somewhere, something big will slip out of this chamber and a lesser standard or lesser role or lesser conduct will have to be accepted." By sticking to the evidence and not overstating his case—he refused for example to accuse Dodd of stealing or fraud, but only of "converting"—Stennis made about the best presentation of the Committee's case. His colleagues were not always so restrained or so methodical.

In the afternoon, Senator Wallace Bennett, the Committee's vice-chairman, made a long-winded defense of the Committee's methods. Bennett is a jovial tortoise-faced Mormon with an apparently insatiable passion for detail. Noticeably the keenest of the Committee members to get Dodd, Bennett was reluctant to concede the slightest point favorable to the accused. He mocked Dodd for having spent testimonial money on joining a country club and taking his staff to the races.

At which point enter Senator Russell Billiu Long of Louisiana.

The Defenders

The son of the Kingfish had been active in the Dodd case for a couple of weeks. A well-argued blue-bound memo from Long lay on each senator's desk along with the green volumes of evidence. Before the debate, Long gave a press conference to half-awake newspapermen. Like a mountaineer interviewed about the big climb, he seemed unclear about his motives. But there was no doubt about his pugnacity. Chubby, bulb-nosed, jabbing gestures with his spectacles or an unlit cigar, embracing two senators at once, rising to ask for a quorum call or a parliamentary enquiry, or to tell some tale of Louisiana in the days of Huey Long ("my old daddy"), castigating columnist Jack Anderson as the serpent in the garden of Eden, raising incredibly tedious legal niceties, repeating himself, quoting John F. Kennedy on Daniel Webster, grinning at jokes at his own expense, wandering up and down the gangways of the Senate like some incessantly mumbling soothsayer in Caesar's Rome, this extraordinary demonic force of nature nevertheless managed to establish some solid points in Dodd's favor. Long's first dialogue with Senator Bennett was typical. Why should Senator Dodd not use a country club to entertain his constituents? Why should the Senator not give his staff an outing to the races? Bennett responded that a man could be a successful senator without joining a country club; *he* had never taken his staff to a race-track and (unattractive gibe at Dodd) *his* staff was still loyal. Nevertheless this did raise the problem of distinguishing between personal and political spending for a politician, whose whole life is in a sense a political drama. For the Committee, Senator Eugene McCarthy gave a rambling explanation of the criteria it had used, which

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boiled down to the criteria of the Internal Revenue Service—criteria as good as any, but this exchange, in itself trivial, indicated the grey area into which the argument was moving.

Long's main point, emphasized time and again with the aid of charts, images and reiteration, was that Dodd's troubles began not in 1961 as the Committee alleged but back in 1956, when he ran unsuccessfully for the Senate. In 1957 Dodd was campaigning for the Democratic nomination against the might of the local party machine. In 1958, he was elected. When he took his seat, he was $150,000 in debt. Instead of appealing for funds to pay off those debts (as ex-Governor Peabody is now doing, to no one's objection, after having been defeated by Sen. Brooke in Massachusetts last year—a fact pointed out by Long), Dodd entered upon a rocky road of loans, and loans to pay off loans. Thus, Long said, even though Dodd might have spent the money raised in the 1961-1965 testimonial dinners on repairing his house and repaying personal loans, these expenditures were necessary because he had laid out his own money in order to get elected. If, Long contended, Dodd had left a proper "paper trail"—documentary evidence explaining what he was doing at each step, it would have been obvious that he was spending the testimonial cash to repay politically incurred debts. The Committee did not answer this line of argument, beyond complaining that Dodd had not brought it up at the hearings.

The reason why Dodd had not done so was apparent as soon as the Senator himself spoke. Here was a man who had clearly been shattered by

Politics or personal? Dodd and LBJ at 1961 dinner with Arthur Powers, testimonial's treasurer.

his ordeal. Observers at the hearings said he had displayed no fight at all. Stennis had found his performance "disappointing." Under the prickings of the picadors, the bull had failed to respond. On the floor of the Senate, Dodd began to respond. But it was obvious that he had barely recovered from the heavy pounding of the Muckrakers' Brigade. His first speech was too raw and over-emotional for his audience. "I have walked among you. I have talked with you. I have lived with you for more than eight years. Does any one of you know any time I have lied to you or done any dishonorable thing in this body, ever broken my word, ever cheated you, ever said I would do this and then done something else?" This harsh, broken cry was impressive in its way—the natural response of an impugned man. But it was not evidence. Yet Dodd, too, made his points. Before 1956, he had no significant debts. By the end of 1959 he was $150,000 in the hole—$30,000 in a mortgage on his home. "Unless there are some facts which demonstrate the contrary—and I don't know of any—it is reasonable to assume that the $120,000 was politically connected." He also pointed out that the charge of wilful double-billing depended on the word of his larcenous and incompetent bookkeeper. Sen. Bennett, for the Committee, later had to resort to a crypto-rehabilitation of O'Hare's merits, although the Committee in its report had added a rider condemning as "reprehensible" the actions of the faithless four.

The black-and-white nature of the allegations was further clouded over by a series of intelligent questions from Senator Brooke to the Committee concerning the degree of proof required for censure. Was it "the preponderance of the evidence, or proof beyond a reasonable doubt?" The Committee was vague and disunited on this point. Hardliner Senator Bennett seemed to think that it was both. Senator Monroney, on the other hand, admitted that the standards involved were "nebulous" and himself nebulously talked of "improper conduct."

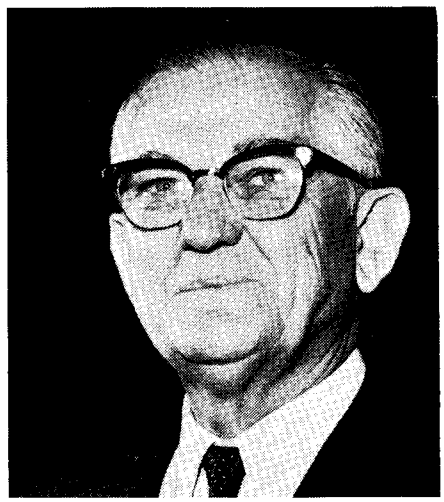
At the end of two days what had seemed a clear-cut Western-movie plot—good guy or bad guy—had dissolved into the shifting sands of reality.

The Muckrakers

As the debate wore and bore on day after day, nobody became more impatient than the large press corps present. It is necessary to pass comment on their extraordinary per-

Russell Long

Wallace Bennett



John Stennis

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formance. Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson, in columns syndicated throughout the country, started the Dodd-hunt at the beginning of 1966. Most of their allegations were based on evidence supplied by Dodd's staff, in some cases while they were still on the Senator's payroll. Some of the information was inaccurate. Some of the interpretations were grotesquely unfair. In some cases (e.g., the double-billing) the information was correct and Pearson and Anderson were right to ventilate it even though its source was tainted. Taken as a whole, however, the Pearson-Anderson campaign hardly looked like a struggle for a cleaner Congress, more like a personal muckraking vendetta. But such is the chosen vocation of this bizarre duet. As well condemn the bearded lady for being hirsute. But what of the mild men and women of the press who abandoned their duty to report fairly? Miss Mary McGrory of the *Washington Star* wrote of Dodd's first speech: "In rhetoric as florid as his complexion was in better days, he shrouded his case in sentimentality, vituperation, self-pity." Mr. Tom Wicker told the readers of the *New York Times* that Dodd "looked old, shrunken, hapless, his aimless hands were wringing and twisting nervously, occasionally flopping out in supplication . . . . there was more of Uriah Heep than of honest outrage in his voice." Mr. E. W. Kenworthy, Mr. Wicker's *Times* colleague who covered the debate, developed an interesting technique of inserting an anti-Dodd editorial on days when the news favored Dodd. One veteran Press Gallery official said he could never remember such one-sided reporting. But the Drew Pearson Nastiness Prize for 1967 must go to Mr. Murray Kempton of the *New York Post*. In a column headed "A Worthy Victim," Mr. Kempton said: "Things like these do not happen to anyone who has not exhausted every bit of moral capital." Mr. Kempton quoted James Boyd as his authority for describing Dodd as "dreary" and "hen-pecked." Mr. Boyd's title to credibility is that he was Dodd's chief assistant before he defected to the more alluring service of Pearson and Anderson, dragging with him three other Dodd staffers and 4,000 of the Senator's documents. Well might Drew Pearson sit like a cosy old sugar daddy stroking his moustache in the Senate Press Gallery, safe in the knowledge that there were other newspapermen eager to keep his air-polluting torch burning. When Sen. Strom Thurmond announced that he wished to make a twelve-minute statement before a vote, there were cries of "No!" from the Press Gallery. This infuriated Thurmond. Sen. Lausche of Ohio rose and said the press could go to hell. It was largely owing to the uncontrolled allegations of the press that the issue had become so beclouded; now, Lausche thundered, "Are we to sit in a Roman gladiator's pit while they sit above dictating to us what we should do?"

Wrangle and Tangle

All the same, nine days is a long time. The anarchic freedom of Senatorial debate, the independence and stature of each senator, are splendors unmatched in any other great assembly in the world. But they can produce grinding boredom, infuriating despair in the observer. Russell Long took a whole day to develop points which could have been made more effectively in 45 minutes. Wayne Morse displayed his talent for picking nits too small to be viewed by the naked eye. But for sheer, steam-rollering, paralyzing tedium, Senator Holland of Florida took the pleonastic palm. The white-haired septuagenarian had only one thing to say—that the resolution ought to be divided into two parts. He said it every day, sometimes twice a day, usually rising for fifteen or twenty minutes, and not sitting down again until he had said it every conceivable fashion that law and logic allow. In the end his efforts bore hilarious fruit. The Holland division appeared to mean that no amendments would be possible on the strength of the censure. After a whole byzantine afternoon of imbroglio, the question was worded in a different way. Undaunted, Senator Holland rose to ask if his division still applied. It did and the imbroglio continued.

Amendments were offered. The first, by Russell Long, urged that the Committee work out a code of ethics for the Senate and "admonish" Senator Dodd to avoid any course of conduct which might bring the Senate into disrepute. The Committee reasonably pointed out that they were already working out such a code, so what was the point of asking them to do so? And why should only Dodd be admonished to avoid evil ways? Such a warning should apply to every senator. The question was what did the Senate think about Dodd's *past* conduct. Only Long himself and Dodd's fellow senator from Connecticut, Abraham Ribicoff, voted for this one. Ribicoff was certain to offend one section or another of Connecticut opinion. He opted for his friendship

During the Senate debate, Dodd meets his real accusers: the gentlemen of the press.

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for Dodd, a not ignoble way out of a political dilemma.

The second amendment proposed to substitute "reprimand" for censure" and "contrary to accepted standards of conduct" for "contrary to accepted morals." This softening was turned down by a slightly less conclusive margin than finally censured Dodd on the testimonial charge, 87-9—Thurmond, Curtis, McIntyre, Smothers, Tower, Williams (N.J.) and Yarborough joining the dissenters. This amendment, being the only conceivable alternative to a full vote of censure, demonstrated the weakness of the Dodd supporters. On the eighth day of debate, the decision was in sight, though still to be postponed by procedural wrangles.

Last Analysis

The double-billing charge rightly foundered on the Committee's failure to prove that Senator Dodd was consciously cheating the government. The only witness that Dodd had ordered or knew about the practice was O'Hare. He was not enough. The most that could have been alleged against Dodd on this count was that he was guilty of sloppy bookkeeping. Sen. Bennett excluded such negligence as a ground for censure. On this charge, Dodd was exculpated but by the narrow margin of 51-45. It is highly doubtful whether it would have come anything like that close to being sustained, had Senator Dodd not been subjected to a campaign of vilification over the last eighteen months. With the fairest will in the world, senators were unable to rid themselves of prejudice and judge on the evidence.

Now we come to the more vexed matter of the testimonial dinners. There seem to be three telling pieces of evidence on each side.

Indicating that the dinners were political:

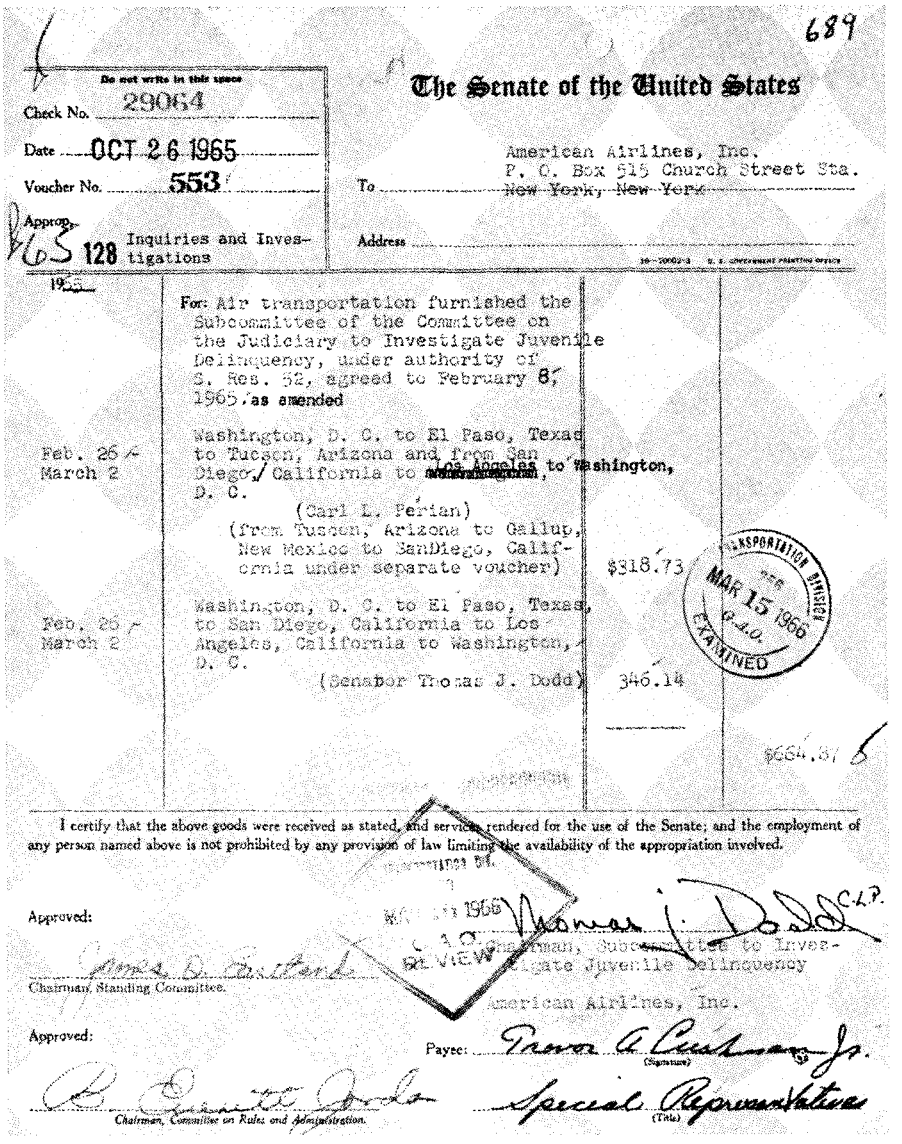
1. Certain solicitation letters written by Dodd's friends, mentioning the need for campaign funds.

2. Letter to the then Vice-President Johnson already quoted.

3. Dodd's agreement to the suggestion from his accountant that $6,000—part of the proceeds of the testimonial dinners—should be treated as a loan from the campaign fund.

Indicating that the dinners were personal:

1. The billing of the dinners as



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One of the disputed expense sheets

"testimonials" (defined by Webster's as "a token of regard, respect or admiration, of obligation for services rendered, presented to a person"). In other words, a gift.

2. The 400 affidavits from people who attended the dinner, testifying that Sen. Dodd was free to use their contributions as he pleased.

3. The affidavit from Mr. Blumenfeld, a federal judge, that Dodd had consulted him in advance about the testimonials and that he had advised him that he was free to use the net proceeds as he wished, and to treat them as a taxfree gift.

Strange Fraud

That notable politicos were present at the dinners and that Dodd staffers helped to organize the dinners do not amount to significant evidence against Dodd, though the Committee claimed the contrary. If a testimonial dinner for a veteran labor union official is to be held, the obvious way to organize it is to use the available machinery, the local office. Similarly, the dinner is likely to be a bigger success if you can persuade Reuther or Meany to come as guests of honor. The Committee's line of argument really implied that Dodd ought to have asked, say, Norman Mailer and Jack Nicklaus along, instead of Johnson and Humphrey. On the main anti-Dodd evidence, the Senator claimed he did not know about the solicitation letters, cast doubt on the authenticity of the letter to LBJ, and implied that the agreement with his accountant was just another example of his financial vagueness. Not impressive answers, certainly, but no worse than the Committee's answers to the pro-Dodd evidence. The affidavits, said Sen. Stennis, had been taken into

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account, but they were sworn a long time after the events and mostly on a duplicated form (did Stennis therefore doubt their sincerity, because the affiants had not written out the words of the affidavit themselves?). Dodd also pointed out that of the thousand guests at these dinners, only one had asked for his money back, although Dodd had broadcast over radio and television throughout Connecticut that he was prepared to repay anyone who thought he had been misled. This brings up an interesting legal point. The Committee's case was that Dodd intended to deceive. But if he did, he succeeded, for the "deception" scooped in over $170,000. Yet none of the victims of this masterful confidence trick bothered to complain. Odd grounds for charging a man with what amounts to fraud.

Benefit of the Doubt

Yet the strongest pro-Dodd point (first noted in NATIONAL REVIEW) was the use of the word "testimonial" throughout the official programs, ticket application forms, etc. When this was brought up, Sen. Stennis said the Committee had attached no very clear meaning to the word. This, in spite of the fact that the Committee had apparently spent weary hours in discussing the semantic differences among "censure," "reprimand" and "condemnation." The importance of the testimonial definition is that, once agreed to, the interpretation of funds as gifts knocks out much of the evidence against Dodd. For example, play was made with the fact that Dodd gave $7,500 to Democratic Party funds out of the dinner proceeds. But if the money was his to do with as he pleased, he could give it to anyone—the Communist Party, Drew Pearson—anyone.

It is hard to see how the defense and the prosecution can be regarded as other than of more or less equal weight. Even if you favor the anti-Dodd points more, the pro-Dodd points must still create a sizable doubt in your mind. Any senator who felt such a doubt had a clear duty to vote against censure. There was no point in arguing for less than censure or for claiming that censure was not really such a bad punishment after all. If a jury has doubts about the guilt of a murderer, as Sen. Brooke pointed out, they do not half-hang him—they acquit.

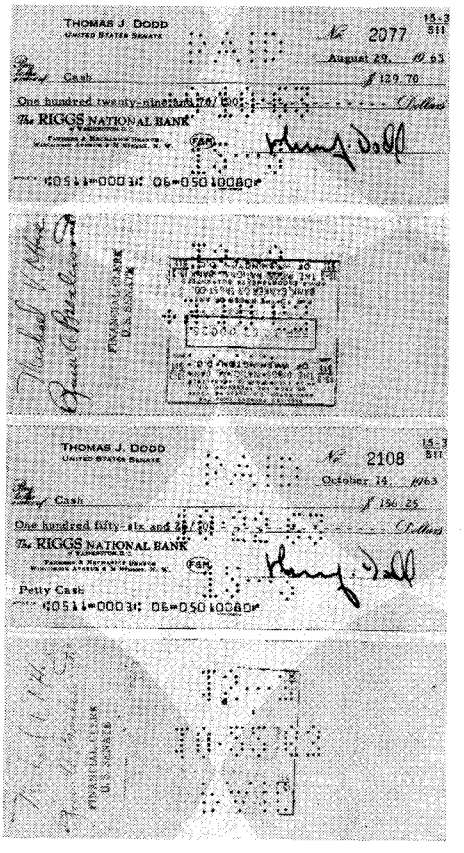
Many senators did not give Dodd the benefit of that doubt, because of inevitable prejudgments about the case and because, to be blunt but one hopes not unkind, they were scared of being accused of letting Dodd off lightly in anticipation of skeletons being discovered in their own cupboards. Quite rightly scared, for the *New York Times* insinuated exactly such a reason for Dodd's acquittal on the double-billing charge. It is worth noting in passing that while almost every senator showed a proper seriousness and anxiety to be fair, every single contribution of *intellectual* distinction came from the younger Republican senators—Tower (pro-Dodd), Percy (anti-), Brooke (half-and-half) and Pearson (for the Committee)—a strong indication of the present political tide. The other five Committee members were all honorable men. Sen. Stennis has a distinct air of Brutus. But, like Caesar's assassins, their reasoning powers were not overly impressive.

Martyr or Muddler?

They advanced (particularly Monroney and McCarthy) another somewhat muddled argument from time to time—that it is wrong to use the power and influence of a United States Senator to solicit funds for personal enrichment, even if the recipient advertises his intentions. This argument never got very far, because Dodd himself strenuously supported it. It was never really disputed that his debts were political in origin and that the testimonial money was used to pay off those debts. The outcome? Dodd has ended up with a net worth of $54,000—including all his insurance—and hefty mortgages on his homes in Washington and Connecticut. He has also collected the censure of the Senate, induced by a newspaper campaign of unparalleled venom and irresponsibility. And his good name is certainly shattered beyond repair. This should surely be enough to satisfy Tom Wicker, Mary McGrory, Murray Kempton, old Uncle Drew Pearson and all. But I doubt it. The day after censure the *New York Times* deplored the double-billing exoneration, chronicled with glee the possibility of tax charges against Dodd and slated Ribicoff's "sentimentality and perhaps political self-interest" for voting against censure.

The muckrakers contend that Dodd is no martyr because his public personality is unattractive and his sins are shabby not scarlet. As it happens, those who are reputed secular martyrs are not as a rule attractive (John Wilkes, Sacco and Vanzetti, Dreyfus, Alger Hiss.) The test of martyrdom is whether or not the protagonist has been treated unjustly by his fellow men—not whether he is a nice guy. Nobody suggests that Dodd should be garlanded with roses. His management of his financial affairs was unpardonably sloppy, well below the minimum competence people have the right to expect of their legislators. His mitigating plea that it was his crooked bookkeeper's fault makes matters no better. To financial incompetence, the Senator adds poor judgment of men.

But none of this justifies the course of events which has made Dodd only the sixth Senator to be censured by his peers. Nor would the censure be justified even if new and incontrovertible evidence came to light, show-



Expense checks signed by Dodd—signatures claimed as possible forgeries—and endorsed by defecting bookkeeper Michael O'Hare.

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ing that Dodd had swindled the U.S. Government of five million dollars, contracted a bigamous marriage and distilled moonshine hooch in the cellar of the Supreme Court. It is the facts as presented to the Ethics Committee that count, not dark Pearsonesque whispers about suppressed evidence.

The lessons of the Dodd case are various. First, there is the old problem of special tribunals of enquiry where the procedural safeguards of adversary justice are absent. Such tribunals always produce disputable verdicts, raise more dust than they settle, and leave the real answer shrouded in suspicions of an official cover-up. The six senators of the Ethics Committee luxuriated in the distastefulness of their task. Their simple remedy is to resign and so disband this ludicrous committee.

The Senate's *right* to censure Dodd on the two charges is also rather dubious. For offenses committed against the procedure and good order of the Senate, yes. *All* the previous cases of censure concerned offenses within the Senate. But what business has the Senate judging non-criminal acts committed miles away from the capital? Are adulterous or alcoholic senators, who bring just as much "dishonor and disrepute" to the Senate as expense-fiddlers, now to be liable to censure? To censure a senator's extramural activities is an impertinent insult to the people who elected him. The people of Middlesex wanted to elect John Wilkes, the people of Harlem still prefer Adam Clayton Powell. That is their right. It is not the business of elected representatives to deplore the choice of other electors.

Decoding the Code

Dodd was censured in accordance with no known code and on insubstantial evidence. It is horrifying to think what will happen when the Ethics Committee eventually produces its code. Inevitably, it will be vaguely worded. Every senator will be liable to wild and incessant allegations of infringement. Drew Pearson and his friends may feel like the town drunk who is suddenly given the freedom of the bar. Senators and congressmen will indeed have to "be sober, be vigilant." Otherwise, they will get gobbled up by the snoopers.

If the invention of an Ethics Committee was a setback for common sense and good government, the concoction of an ethics code is likely to be a disaster. Sen. Eugene McCarthy declared that if the Senate substantially rejected the Ethics Committee's findings, he would consider resigning from the Committee—a kind of amiable blackmail. Yet McCarthy put, with perhaps unconscious clarity, the dangers of an Ethics Code. In rejecting the proposal to change "censure" to "reprimand", he said: "Our feeling is that if we developed a word like 'reprimand', where would we stop? We could reprimand almost everybody here once or twice a year." And in discussing the proposed code, McCarthy said: "On the other hand, we should not push too far in attempting to determine standards nor be too harsh in applying them . . . keep in mind the words of a contemporary poet . . . 'and if we purify the pond, the lilies die.'" Fine in theory, but when Drew Pearson gets going with his atomic muck-dredger, such gentlemanly restraint has small chance of surviving in the turbulent waters of accusation and counter-accusation. Mao wanted his Red Guards to purify the revolution; what he got was something close to civil war. It must be repeated yet again that the only written code of conduct needed or acceptable in a free society is the law of the land. And every citizen is entitled to due process of that law.

Senator Thomas Dodd was charged with breaking nonexistent laws. He did not receive due process. He was found guilty though the evidence did not warrant it. And he received a judicial punishment, for the Senate's censures are "judicial in nature." Could even the Court of Star Chamber have dealt rougher justice?

Victory handshake: James Boyd, Dodd's former administrative assistant and chief defector, with chief prosecutor Drew Pearson. Boyd supplied the documents which fueled Pearson's eighteen-month campaign to persuade the public and the Senate that Dodd was a chiseler.

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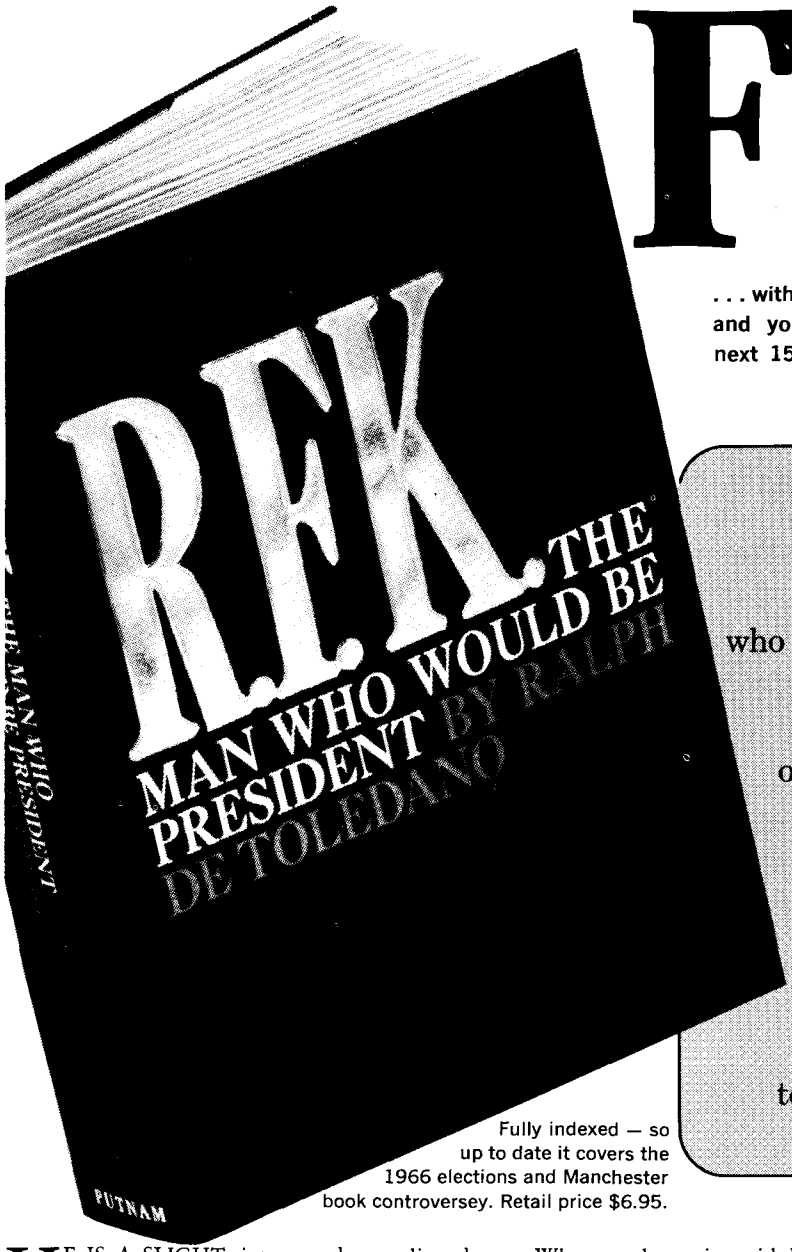

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HE IS A SLIGHT, introverted, complicated man. Whenever he passes the big picture of his brother Jack, he touches it ritualistically. When he plays touch football he changes the rules in the middle of the game — or calls off the game if the other team starts catching up.

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What is Bobby Kennedy *Really* Like?

Here Are Some Facts You May Not Know...

- Bobby's zest for wiretapping (and more evidence of why J. Edgar Hoover has no fear of a public confrontation).

- November 22, 1963. The anguished scene as Bobby and Ethel get the news while lunching. That much-debated call from LBJ. Bobby's road back from the edge of despair. Bobby and Jackie grow closer.

- Bobby's disastrous meeting with prominent Negroes led by James Baldwin, Lena Horne, Harry Belafonte. "Being in the same room with you makes me want to vomit," snarls one.

- The invasion of New York: from visitor to Senatorial candidate in 27 days. Secret meetings, bold tactics, and the power merchants who served up the state to RFK. How the image makers gave Bobby a quick face-lifting.

- The Catholic non-issue, and how the Kennedys made it work both ways. How Bobby's "People Machine" kept the pot boiling.

R.F.K. As Seen by Those Who Know Him Personally. "A Vulture." "Arrogant." "Young Whippersnapper." "Little Lord Fauntleroy." "S.O.B." . . .

1. **Jacqueline Kennedy:** "He's the one I'd put my hand in the fire for." And again: "I sometimes wish that Bobby, because he is so wonderful, had been an amoeba and then he could have mated with himself."
2. **Lyndon Johnson:** "A young whippersnapper."
3. **Melvin M. Belli:** "He's arrogant, rude, and even ignorant of the law. He's the moneyed Little Lord Fauntleroy of government. Every newspaperman knows what he is, and even Johnson can't stand him, but everybody's too scared of the son-of-a-bitch."
4. **Washington newsman:** "He has all the patience of a vulture, without any of the dripping sentimentality."
5. **Joseph P. Kennedy:** "Bobby doesn't care how he wins."
6. **Henry J. Taylor:** "Neither hail, rain, sleet, nor gloom of night stay Bobby from the swift completion of his ride on the gravy train. Conscience and money somehow do not seem to mix in politics."

- RFK brushes aside union terrorism in Kohler and Perfect Circle strikes. The gap between Bobby's TV posture and his later version of the same incidents in his book, **The Enemy Within.**

- Fascinating cut and thrust between LBJ and RFK. Johnson gags on a bitter pill. 1964: adroit moves win that round for Lyndon.

- The Meredith incident. Bobby publicly compares Mississippi with Nazi Germany, privately negotiates face-saving gestures with Ross Barnett.

- Bobby's vendetta against Roy Cohn: surveillance, mail checks, 30 hours of questioning. How Cohn stumbled upon Bobby's involvement with **Life's** Hoffa exposé.

- Schlesinger and Rusk play on JFK's wavering, lead him to emasculate the Cuban invasion. Ethel embarrasses Bobby in front of Cuban leader Roberto San Roman.

- Bobby's mode of conduct as employee of Senate Labor Rackets Committee: he yells at Senators, bullies witnesses. The Army purchasing agent — a woman — who charged that Bobby and his aide had put her in a "hot room" and had "browbeaten, badgered and kicked me around." Bobby uses committee power to persecute Nixon aide Murray Chotiner. Congressman Celler saves Bobby from House investigation.

- RFK's role in the Reuther Memorandum calling for action against the "radical right": "an unknown number of millions" that were said to include the followers of Barry Goldwater.

- Bobby boasts that 57,000 government officials are taking "counter-insurgency" courses. The puzzled man in charge corrects the figure to 400 or 500.

- Bobby charges attempted bribes — which, if offered, make **him** an accessory after the fact.

- FBI undermined. RFK forces Hoover to reassign best agents from national security duty, leaks anti-FBI stories to pals in the press.

- Bobby moves to control nation's banking and business.

- The Cuban missile crisis: how hawks and doves lined up. State Department pinpoints 47 missile sites, but word of them never — apparently — reaches JFK. His strange disagreement with Fulbright. JFK backs down, twice. Khrushchev calls the shots.

- Bobby plays it both ways with Joe McCarthy. His near-fight with Roy Cohn. Unpublicized accomplishments of McCarthy. Bobby maneuvers McCarthy into squabbles with Mundt, other GOP Senators.

- Kennedy aide, fired by OSS and CIA as security risk, given sensitive Justice Department job by RFK.

- How did LBJ get the V.P. nomination? Toledano lays out the conflicting stories and, while offering no definitive answer, etches a pattern of deals within deals that would dazzle Machiavelli.

- 6 eminent Americans who found their way, fully clothed, into the Kennedy swimming pool.

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China: Stories from the Inside

There are two Red Chinas—the one the journalists visit and the one the refugees tell of, as an American research team discovers in a series of personal encounters

MARIA LONDON

A Filipino reporter met a Chinese refugee in Taipei recently and said, "I am just on my way back from a visit to your city and all my impressions were good. Yet you say that things are bad there. How do you account for this?" The refugee, a strapping young athlete and graduate student from the north of China, replied, "If I were able to accompany you there and return again safely to freedom, I could show you where to go to look behind the façade. I was born there and lived all my life there. You were only a visitor. Only two kilometers from where you were, you would see the real situation."

The journalist and the refugee are our major live sources of information on conditions of life in the vast China mainland. But their accounts, far from complementing each other, more frequently seem to refer to two different countries—a China and an alter-China. There is a happy, proud China confidently building a new future; there is a desperate, oppressed China, without hope of any change to the better; there is a Chinese people fiercely anti-white, anti-Western, and especially anti-American; there is a Chinese people devoid of racism and even, in non-urban areas, ignorant of the concept of race, a people that secretly prays for an American invasion; there is a Chinese student population that is fanatically Communist and deifies Mao; there is a Chinese student population that is disillusioned with Communism and expresses its utter contempt for Mao by renaming him "Mao-Tudz" or merely "Tudz" (a word literally meaning "rabbit" in Mandarin).

For a certain breed of journalist the China mainland today has become the rich preserve of utopian fantasy. The same people who unreservedly accept the published accounts of such journalists grow severely skeptical at the very mention of the refugee as an alternate source of information. Inevitably, they raise two objections: 1) the refugee is biased against the regime, therefore, he cannot give an objective picture of conditions under it; and 2) the refugee tells you what you want to hear.

The Refugee: An Individual

The fact that Objection One has already been historically disproved—it was the Soviet refugee, not the Western journalist-visitor to the Soviet Union in the Thirties, who gave us an accurate record of life under Stalin—makes it no less hardy. However, let us deal with it as though it were put fairly. Although the number of *registered* refugees from the Chinese Communist mainland has exceeded two million, it must be held clearly in mind that, with the possible exception of the mass exodus into Hong Kong in 1961 largely because of famine and fear of famine, we have to do not with mass phenomena, but with millions of individual persons who have reached secret, personal decisions. Here are a very few of these persons:

A bright farmer's son from Amoy discovered in his last year of high school that only politically "reliable" students of "correct" class background, regardless of their grades, would be allowed to continue their education in the university and that earlier promises of academic reward for excellence in one's studies were false. The farmer's son did not fit into the acceptable category. His future and his illusions about Communism vanished together. Eventually he was "sent down" to work in a commune. He escaped in August 1966.

A middle-ranking young Communist official from Yunan Province, of peasant origin, was so single-mindedly devoted to the Party and idealistic at the outset of his career that he was entrusted with investigations into the reliability of other Communists. When he was twenty-four a young wife was selected for him by the Party. It was explained to him that a Communist of his position must have a politically conscious wife, therefore a Party member. She was, however, assigned to a different place of work and they were able to spend only about two weeks in a year together. "Sometimes, we would contrive ways of meeting." Once, at a Communist division meeting, she criticized the Three-Red-Flags Movement as too extreme. As a result, she was denounced as a rightist and so badly humiliated that she hanged herself. It was the third year of their marriage. He was grieved by her death, but it did not alter his political conviction. Shortly afterward, however, in 1960, he witnesssed a revolt of starving peasants from three communes in Yunan Province, which was quelled by troops from other provinces. Of an original 10,000 who forced officials to open up food warehouses, 3,000 held out against the troops. About 700 were killed, 1,000 arrested, of whom seven were executed and the rest sent to labor reformation camps in Sinkiang. After this the young official experienced a progressive dissolution of all belief. He began to make plans for escape.

Disillusionment with Communism

A construction engineer from Canton Province, a bachelor, completely devoted to his work, had joined the Communist Party secretly in 1949, because he was dissatisfied with the Nationalist Government. During the Three - Red - Flags Movement, the deaths of many people from starvation on Hainan Island, where he had been sent to work, made him feel a temporary hatred for Communism.

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But he approved of the Communist policy of building up a strong China, and the amount of industrial construction being undertaken everywhere he traveled, and felt that this was more important. But few of his colleagues seemed to remain long enough in the good graces of the authorities to collect their pensions. A year or two before they became eligible, they would be accused of "mistakes" and the pension would be taken away. He saw he could not remain uninvolved—a good engineer doing his work—and that his chances of surviving to receive a pension were slight. He began to prepare to escape in 1964 and succeeded in 1966.

The Escape Route

An overseas Chinese, a university graduate, returned to mainland China in 1950 through Hong Kong for idealistic reasons. He was ready to accept hardship, because he wanted to participate in "building the new society" in China. Although he was at first given a privileged position, that of professor at a university in Peking, he quickly discovered that he had walked into the grip of an unprecedented tyranny. During a routine purge of dissident elements he was arrested and sent to a concentration camp in the far North with other Chinese intellectuals who had returned from abroad. He somehow survived the terrible physical ordeal. ("If you will look at my hands, they are not like those of other Chinese of my age." Indeed, they were curiously lined and shriveled.) He escaped from the camp, and after an incredible series of adventures over a period of years, reached Canton, where, since he was originally Cantonese and spoke the dialect, he was able to conceal himself until he escaped in 1965, by swimming across the bay, to Macao.

A fisherman from Fukien Province took his family and immediate relatives on a small boat, with insufficient provisions, and set out for Quemoy. He had heard at the political meetings about Marxism and American imperialism (he referred to them as though they were concrete, rather than abstract, nouns), but actually he was too concerned with his own desperate problems—that there was not enough food or clothing for his family and no hope of any improvement as far ahead as he could see.

The experience of reading, let us say, a hundred such detailed interviews of Chinese refugees is equivalent to peering into China through a hundred different pairs of eyes. The *cumulative* effects of pattern-crossed-over-pattern are about as close to the intricacies, the paradoxes, the nuances, the feel of "objective reality" as an outsider can get.

Objection Two—that the refugee tells you what you want to hear—can be said to apply only to the following two situations: a) the "refugee" is a Chinese Communist agent and the interviewer is a Communist sympathizer; b) the refugee is a professional refugee and the interviewer is paying money for "merchandise"—i.e. information received.

Situation A is certainly possible in Hong Kong today, and situation B, according to my own impression, is the greatest single hazard in Hong Kong to any research-interviewer seeking to constitute an honest sample. In this teeteringly insecure colony, abnormally swollen by a refugee population both legal and illegal, it is not difficult to understand why the injection of American money has made being interviewed a means of livelihood, replete with refugee brokers and fees.

But let us return to the only possible research conditions—the trained scientific interviewer and the honest refugee. Objection Two, often proffered by people who have never even been near an interviewing situation, is frankly inaccurate. The truth is rather that the refugee tells you what he feels you can understand. Communication between two persons of vastly different backgrounds is not easy. In a refugee reception center in Taipei last summer, the writer and her husband were introduced to an old fisherman, recently escaped from Fukien Province. It is hard to tell who was more at a loss to say anything at all—the Americans looking incredulously at this storybook Chinaman with a pigtail wound like a braid around his head, or the fisherman staring in open-mouthed wonder at the high-nosed, brown-haired visitors with their deep-set eyes.

Or—to go a bit more deeply than this—let us resume the story of the high school graduate from the district of Amoy who decided to escape. The only way open to him was to attempt to swim to Quemoy across the open sea, although others warned him of the danger of sharks and strong currents. He made up his mind to risk it, but he was anxious all the same. However, one night he had a dream that he was in a prison, but turned into a bird and flew away. This encouraged him greatly, as a good omen. But the next day, to test his fate further, he took an ordinary tile, broke it into two shards and marked one side of one shard with a minus, the

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other with a plus. Then he tossed the shard three times. If the minus came up twice, he would go. The minus came up three times. There seemed no question that he was fated to succeed. He made his plans with a close friend and classmate, who also wanted to escape. This boy did not believe in omens. At the last moment, they were joined by a third boy. They took with them three basketball bladders and a jug of "wine" (the Chinese word covers a wide range of alcoholic drink) and plunged into the sea at low tide. After a short while at sea, one of the bladders broke. The boy who had received the good omens was so confident that he would survive that he volunteered to share one bladder with his close friend, and gave the third boy a bladder to himself. In mid-channel they ran into very strong currents. The two friends fought through the current, but when they finally looked up, spent with the effort, for the third, he had disappeared. They swam around and shouted a while, but there was no trace of him.

After several hours in the water they reached a coral reef and rested and drank a little of the wine. Then they plunged in again. On a second coral reef, they were spotted by a Nationalist patrol boat from Quemoy. They had spent eight hours in the sea.

In Taiwan, they were treated like heroes. They were taken on a tour of the country and their photographs appeared in the newspapers. Some Chinese, on seeing them, held thumbs up in admiration (*dì-yí*—a first-rate act of courage!). This is when we met them. During the interview of the first boy (whose omens had not failed him) a special interpreter was present. Her services turned out not to be necessary; his Mandarin was unusually excellent. But during a break in the interview, he turned to her and in his native dialect said, "I am so excited and nervous. This is the first time I have ever spoken to Americans. Do you think I am doing all right? This is the way I talk. Do you think I may be offending them?"

Special Report

Macao's Surrender to Red China

S. T. HSIEH

The tiny Portuguese Overseas Province of Macao, for years a key Western listening post, has become a Red China *in microcosm*. Until the recent riots, the blind, the old, and the infirm, and other "useless mouths," often came from China with legal exit permits issued by the Communist security office on the mainland; others arrived by various illegal and dangerous means, including swimming across. Many of them were shot dead by Communist guards or drowned in the sea. But once they touched the soil of Macao, they were given proper care by government or relief agencies. No one was ever turned back. But this era ended when the era of the Red Guards began. It is important to understand how this transformation was brought about because the same kinds of troubles are in store for Hong Kong. Indeed, they've already started. British authorities there are studying just what the Portuguese did wrong in Macao.

The trouble began on the minuscule dependent island of Taipa, the site of Macao's flourishing fireworks industry and a medical and psychiatric center for the rehabilitation of drug addicts and other human flotsam rejected by China. Apparently trying to win over the 6,000 residents of Taipa, Macao's leftist leaders decided to build a new primary school on the isle. They applied for a permit in the spring of 1966 to demolish a row of three dilapidated buildings. But the Portuguese authorities allegedly held up the application on grounds that the Chinese failed to produce a written consent by the original landlord (who, by the way, died a century ago). After eight months the Chinese boldly started pulling down the tenement houses. The demolition work was stopped by the authorities on technical grounds, but New China News Agency, official organ of the Chinese Communist Party, reacted at once, charging police brutality.

Properly handled, the Taipa incident would have been a minor scuffle. But the authorities completely ignored the Communist protest and demands, unaware that they were being watched closely from Peking. Fifteen days later, on November 30, Peking struck. A news item disseminated by NCNA denounced the "brutal persecution of Chinese residents on Taipa island in Macao." Taking their cue, the Chinese in the Portuguese colony staged a second protest meeting, and it was during this session that their leaders hit on the vigilante tactics of the Red Guards.

Bloody riots followed, as Communist contact-men spread the word, by motorcycle, to their compatriots in the heart of Macao. Some 5,000 slogan-chanting demonstrators poured into the streets and went on the rampage the same afternoon and again the next day, shouting, "Kill the Portuguese devils!," ransacking the City Council building, pulling down the bronze statue of a Portuguese military hero in the public square, and capsizing scores of cars parked along the streets. To prevent police reinforcements, hundreds of taxi drivers, members of a leftist union, blocked the streets leading to the City Council.

By the second day the situation was out of hand and the army resorted to rifles and machine guns in what Peking denounced as a "sanguinary suppression" of "patriotic compatriots." When it was all quiet on the central front, eight Chinese, including five teen-agers, had died and 130 others had been injured. The new governor accepted the original five-point demand of the Taipa residents concerning the November 15 incident. But, it was too late.

A Win for Three No

The Chinese Students' Union in Macao put forward five more demands, and appeal for popular support through leftist Chinese papers. The Portuguese authorities tried to localize the issue, but their hopes were dashed when Peking intervened officially and forcefully.

In making the incidents a *cause célèbre* Red China hoped to remind

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YRs Go Right

V-Day in Omaha

NEAL B. FREEMAN

Omaha is a good place to have a quiet convention. The Strategic Air Command goes efficiently about its business of delaying the decisive chapters of World War III; Father Flanagan's reminder is ever present that boys need not always be boys; the summer air is sometimes heavy with the stench of slaughtered cattle. Omaha is not a frivolous town.

The Young Republican National Federation met there last week and it was not a frivolous convention. There was none of the headline-catching pandemonium of San Francisco, 1963, none of the ideological binges of Miami, 1965. Instead, the YRs showed off the political maturity they have acquired over the last two years. They showed themselves to be, the vast majority of them, *responsible* conservatives, in the apt phrase of *Washington Post* reporter David Broder.

The immediate business of the 1967 convention was the election of a YR national chairman to serve over the next two years. Three candidates presented themselves: Jack McDonald, a lanky, evangelistic Tennesseean with certifiably conservative credentials; James Betts, a towering, bearishly friendly Ohioan of vague ideological antecedents; and Ray Cooper of Arkansas, formerly an aide to Orval Faubus, now administrative assistant to Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller.

McDonald ran on his record as YR Treasurer, in which capacity he had contributed significantly to GOP fund-raising and computer programs, and —more broadly—as a leader of the conservative wing of the party. Betts and Cooper, though energetic individuals both, spent less time promoting their own candidacies than attacking McDonald's. Their principal contention was that McDonald was manipulated by "the syndicate," a shadowy group of fair-weather conservatives they professed to see clustered about GOP pro F. Clifton White. (Less frequently, Cooper would attack Betts, whom he regarded as the candidate of the "gangbusters," a shadowy group of liberals clustered about Sen. Hugh Scott.) The "conspiracy" charge had been used against conservative candidates before, and to very little effect. But McDonald, a highly independent Scotsman, hastened to rebut it. He told the press a) that he had never had a private conversation with Mr. White; b) that what Betts and Cooper were calling the "syndicate" was the campaign organization he had worked four long years to put together; and 3) that he was running on his record, which was manifestly more impressive than his opponents'.

The conservatives clearly outperformed the liberals. They were better-informed, better-equipped, better-organized. McDonald solidified the gains made during his six-month campaign; Betts and Cooper *began* their campaigns at the convention. McDonald won on the first ballot with 425 votes to 184 for Betts and thirteen for Cooper. McDonald's five running mates, forceful and articulate conservatives all, were swept in also, four of them without opposition. The Young Republican National Federation, with an active membership of close to 400,000, will be squarely in the conservative camp in 1968.

What made the victory especially satisfying to conservatives was that it was achieved without rancor. While most of the provisions of the Alcorn Report were voted down, symbolic gestures of conciliation were made to the senior party. In point of fact only three senior party figures rallied to Hugh Scott's old cry to sit on the Young Republicans: Minnesota Lt. Gov. James Goetz, in an intemperate and apparently unprovoked luncheon address; New Jersey state chairman Webster Todd, who was rebuffed in his attempt to ram his own slate of delegates through the credentials committee; and Rhode Island state chairman Howard Russell, who "abolished" the Rhode Island YR Federation after it became clear that Rhode Island's sympathies were with McDonald.

Over against Goetz, Todd and Russell were arrayed Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan and Nevada Gov. Paul Laxalt, all of whom threw large bouquets to the YRs. When one adds to this latter group Richard Nixon, who has not backed away from the lavishly pro-YR position he took at the Miami convention in 1965, and Ray Bliss, whose distaste for intra-party warfare is well-known, it is difficult to envision the circumstances under which Scott's crush-YR movement would prosper.

Reagan's Day

What makes the Young Republicans' independence all but certain is the phenomenon—the word is chosen carefully—of Ronald Reagan. During the final day of the convention, a Presidential poll was taken among the delegates by United Republicans of America. The results showed 152 votes for Reagan, 100 for Nixon, 36 for Rockefeller, 24 for Percy, 21 for Romney, ten for Tower and a scattering elsewhere. It should be noted first perhaps that New York had 36 delegates and Michigan 21. But it should be noted second that the poll does not accurately reflect the preferences of the Young Republicans. It was taken *before* Reagan's appearance.

In a wide-ranging, sharply phrased, exquisitely delivered speech, Reagan brought fifteen hundred bone-weary conventioneers to their feet more than a dozen times. To say that it was well received is to say that Moshe Dayan performed with competence in the Arab war. This banquet address was probably *the* showcase speech of the year in American politics. And Reagan made the very most of it. He swooped into Omaha and snatched away from Richard Nixon many of the troops available for active duty in the primary wars of 1968. It is too early to tell whether Reagan will deploy them in his own behalf.

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The Open Question

The Enemy Is the Same

MAX GELTMAN

In a speech before the Greenwich, Connecticut Republican Women's Club on June 19 (*not* reported in the *New York Times*), Barry Goldwater hailed the triumph of Israel over her adversaries by declaring "the enemy is the same." It needs to be emphasized that the *essential* enemy in the present conflict is the same enemy free men have been fighting for more than a generation, sometimes in a war of words, sometimes in the hotter war in the jungles of Vietnam. In the case of the Middle East, both words and weapons were engaged in a conflict where, over-all, the side possessing some $2 billion in Soviet arms was clobbered by a small nation adhering strictly to the West in a fashion that *should*—I repeat, *should*—ultimately bring benefit to the free world in its struggle against the world Communist conspiracy. But we must not lose our nerve.

American, British Strategic Cover?

James Burnham asserts (*NR*, June 27)—not quite in the hectic words of the Egyptian ambassador to the United Nations, but in the more subtle language of the "historical truth" of Marxism which, of course, he rejects, but which he nevertheless invokes—that even "if the Americans and British did not provide tactical air cover for Israel's June 5 strike, they furnished the strategic cover without which the Israeli forces could not have moved. . . ." Now even if all this is true, which I doubt, what does it prove? Only that British and American policy for once acted forthrightly to protect their—and the free world's—vital interests in a direct confrontation with Soviet arms.

Point two of Mr. Burnham's thesis is that the Arab masses know that America is pro-Israel. To this one can reply that the only thing the Arab "masses" know is what the state-controlled press, radio and television tells them. Here it is worth noting that the same Arab "masses" regard Soviet Russia as their friend—the nation which has not contributed a red ruble for the relief of the Arab refugees—at the same time they regard America as their enemy, the one nation which has practically sustained these wretched people in their plight. Following this point, Burnham quotes from an Arab letter to the London *Economist:* "Those who believe that Russia has instigated the latest crisis in the Middle East are ignorant of what is going on in that region." Now most people who know anything about the area are convinced the Russians did, indeed, instigate the crisis. In any case, if they did not instigate it, they could easily have put a halt to it—by a simple call to Cairo or Damascus. After all, it was their arms that were in jeopardy—and only Arab lives. So they let Nasser bluster and the result was that the world witnessed the greatest military victory in modern times. Why shouldn't we rejoice? Why shouldn't we keep pressing the Russians as Barry Goldwater insists? Why should we join the mourners' bench at the UN?

The facts are that Russia armed Egypt and Syria to the teeth. And with weapons of *Schrecklichkeit* so foreboding that when we found the same Russians emplacing similar missiles in Cuba we were outraged. Israel was confronted with the same outrage. What was she to do? Wait for extinction? Here is the remark of the distinguished President of Syria, Nureddin el-Attasi, made on May 24, 1967: "The entire Arab nation meets in the heart of the campaign around Damascus and around the failure of imperialism in order to destroy the foci of imperialism and its primary base, Israel, and to wipe Israel off the face of the earth." Now what would Mr. Burnham have counseled (had he been in a position to do so) the Israeli government to do in the light of that and even more belligerent remarks from Egypt; the closing of the Gulf of Aqaba; and the armed build-up along its borders under a unified Egyptian command? What would he advise America to do in a similar situation? Or, for that matter Rhodesia?

How Fare the Arab Communists?

Finally, Mr. Burnham tells us that "the Arab nations are not Communist: they keep their Communists in jail." I must confess that this statement sounds awfully naive, coming as it does from so knowledgeable an expert. In the first place, it is not quite accurate. Syria not only does not keep its Communists in jail, two Soviet-branded Communists sit in the cabinet of President el-Attasi. In the second place, no one ever stated or assumed or argued that all Arab states were Communist. Sufficient unto the day is the fact that Syria is the closest thing to a Russian satellite there is in the Middle East, and that goes for Algeria, too. Egypt, under Nasser, is a disaster unto itself; it persists in playing the Communist game. And because it does so we must *not* come to its aid. The Arabs say that "the friend of my enemy is my enemy." Good counsel for any wise and simple man. In all fairness to Mr. Burnham it should be pointed out that he is aware that because of "reckless opportunism, some of them [the Arabs] have allowed themselves to be used by the Soviet Union. These will never be won from Moscow by appeasement. . . ." We can agree in full on that. So why should Israel appease them? The Roman balance he suggests, can, and will, get a closer hearing in Israel than in the most frenzied of the Arab states—especially in Syria and Egypt.

Israel-Jordan Federation?

I think it is possible—if only the harpies at the UN would go away—for Israel and Jordan to get together and correct their borders and solve the refugee problem which is today—as it has been from the beginning—an Israeli-Jordanian problem. They *can* solve it. Here Israel must give up some of its intransigence. For his part King Hussein must—at last—realize that his head will be more firmly secured on his shoulders by friendship with Israel than by participating in adventures with Nasser.

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The Council For A Volunteer Military

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

INSISTENCE UPON the continuation of the draft through 22 years of cold war and limited war is, like the recent proposal for universal non-military national service, typical of the authoritarian liberal approach to all political problems. It is not accidental that it is McNamara, that prototype of the coercive social engineer, who made the first serious proposal in American history for a universal labor corps, as it is symbolically significant that it is he who has adamantly stood in the way of even so much as discussion of voluntary military service. With the same phony numbers game with which he has resisted the urgent need to deploy an American antiballistic missile system, he has confused the issue of the costs of a voluntary military establishment—his figures changing as wildly from time to time as his obfuscating projections of American and Soviet missile strength.

Meyer

WE HAVE HERE, beautifully displayed, the typical liberal authoritarian syndrome—an uninhibited willingness to use compulsion against American citizens together with the utmost delicacy when it comes to increasing the armed might of the United States against Communism.

I have written previously in these pages [June 28, 1966 and August 9, 1966] my reasons for believing that, although in time of urgent national necessity the draft is politically legitimate and constitutional, there is no political or moral excuse for the draft under the circumstances that have prevailed for the past 22 years. I do not want to repeat those arguments at this time; I want rather to answer the attack of James Burnham [June 13, 1967] upon the Council for a Volunteer Military and upon a broad group of American conservatives who have associated themselves either with that Council or simply with opposition to the draft.

I should say that I am a sponsor of the Council, along with such conservatives as the economists Milton Friedman and Yale Brozen, the publisher Henry Regnery, the editor of the *New Individualist Review*, James Powell, and the editor of the *New Guard*, David Franke, representing Young Americans for Freedom. It is these conservative leaders, as well as such other opponents of the draft as Barry Goldwater, Russell Kirk and William F. Buckley Jr., whom Mr. Burnham takes to task.

The occasion of his criticism is the presence on the Council for a Volunteer Military of a number of men who have joined it for reasons rather different from those of the conservatives who initiated it—such representatives of the Left as Norman Thomas, James Farmer and Sanford Gottlieb. The gravamen of his charge is that it is impossible to support the struggle against Communism and simultaneously to believe that it can be better prosecuted by an army of properly paid volunteers. He accuses those conservatives who support the Council of being "at heart, or . . . getting to be, against the war"—an accusation that for myself and for other conservatives on the Council with whom I have spoken I simply know to be untrue.

I STAND for a voluntary army so long as it is militarily feasible. And I stand not only for the intensification of the Vietnam war but for a firm policy against Communism conducted as aggressively as is advantageous to our interest. But so long as military needs remain anywhere near the present levels of less than 10 per cent of the male population of military age, there is no moral excuse for conscription.

Particularly is this the case when the main argument brought against a voluntary army is its cost, when that cost would be a small fraction of the tens upon tens of billions of dollars we pour out annually for welfare of every description. Surely the personal liberty of the citizen and economic justice to our fighting men would, for any conservative, take preference over that welfarist flood. This would seem to be a point of conservative principle, and if conservatives succeed in gaining the support of those to their left for it, then so much the better. Mr. Burnham mocks at principle, putting the word in quotation marks and equating it with ideology; but if conservatives do not stand on principle, their entire reason for being vanishes.

PRINCIPLE being out the window, Mr. Burnham sees the Council as benefiting only those from the Left who have joined it. But even if one accepted his pragmatic approach to political issues, he would be wrong. The Vietnam war would be conducted with greater enthusiasm, greater efficiency, greater support, if the patent injustice of the draft were eliminated. Indeed, so weak is his argument that he has failed to maintain his usually acute perceptions and equates those of us who wish to eliminate the draft legislatively with Cassius Clay and the draft-card burners. But Mr. Burnham must recognize on a moment's reflection that to work for the repeal of a law and to break it are two radically different acts.

The declaration of the Council is specific and explicit in limiting its statements and activities strictly to the single question of a voluntary military. Should there be any tendency whatsoever to deviate in the direction Mr. Burnham fears, the conservatives on the Council are fully capable of forestalling it.

All action is dangerous, but to refuse to support a vitally important principle because of the minor dangers which might arise would be timidity, not prudence. Voluntary military service under present circumstances is, I believe, such a principle. It is both the right and the privilege of citizens of a free society.

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An Old Boys' Dinner

ALEC WAUGH

Between an annual Old Boys' dinner in England and a class reunion in America there is no real parallel. An American, after all, enrolls in his class at college at the age of about eighteen, while an Englishman goes to his public school—a boarding school—at thirteen or fourteen and leaves around eighteen and a half. There is a parallel between the English public school and the private schools of the Eastern Seaboard. But Andover, Groton and St. Paul's are for the very few whereas nearly every Englishman of the upper and middle classes goes to a public school. His school is more personal to him than his college or a university. His record there is a permanent entry on his professional and social passport. The system, indeed, has been the object recently of some acrimonious criticism from a certain section of the British Labor Party.

There is another major difference between the English Old Boys' dinner and the American class reunion. The English public school is, numerically, small. Sherborne when I went there in September 1911 had barely 250 pupils. Now it has five hundred. Only forty-three other new boys assembled on my first day there, and we were divided among the six boarding houses that were scattered throughout the town. Boys, until they are fairly senior, rarely mix with members of other houses, so that it would be impossible to talk of a Sherborne class of 1911. The phrase was never used. I have thought of myself as a Shirburnian between 1911-1915, who made his friends among the boys who had enrolled in and after 1909 and left around 1917—an eight-year cycle. The annual dinner is for members of the old Shirburnian society. There will be an octogenarian or two and a certain number of young men in their early twenties. Usually 150 or so turn up. I shall not have been at school with more than ten of them. I doubt if I shall know more than twenty of them by name.

I have, obviously, never been to a class reunion in the United States My impressions are based on guesswork and on hearsay: but I have assumed that when a class with an enrollment of five hundred meets for a reunion every fifth year, there must be a great curiosity to see how each has fared in the interval, and that the rivalries which began in college will have been continued into adult life. That is not so, at an English Old Boys' dinner: an ambitious boy of fifteen is anxious to pass this boy in class and to win his cricket colors before the other. But such rivalries are contained within the framework of school life and do not pass beyond it. The "rat-race" of adulthood lies far ahead, with the interval of a university set in between. What brings me back year

after year to these Old Boys' dinners is a need not so much to see and compare notes with my contemporaries as to restore contact with the school itself.

There were about seventy boys in the schoolhouse—it was double the size of the other houses—in September 1911. I sat, on that first evening with my twelve fellow victims, at the bottom of the dayroom table. The prefects were seated on a raised dais under the statue of Edward VI who had founded the school in 1550. I looked at the other tables—at my seniors of one or two years' standing. They were ahead of me now. Would I, in a few months, have caught up with them in field and classroom? Would some be my rivals, some my enemies? Somewhere in this room were boys who would be my friends all my life. As two of them, indeed, have proved to be.

I asked myself many questions on that first evening. But there was one that it never occurred to me to ask: "Who among these seventy boys will be turning up for the old Shirburnian dinner in 1967?" I could not have known then how few of us would be still around in 1967. I could not have foreseen that only a few months away the mud of Flanders and the meadows of the Somme were waiting to take their toll of us, and that half of my contemporaries would not reach the age of forty.

Of my two special friends—they were my seniors by a year—neither was spectacularly successful. One was described by his headmaster in his last report as "the ideal Public School Boy," but though he was a house prefect, he never reached the top form, and never got his colors at football or at cricket, while the other adopted from his days as a fag an attitude of "passive disobedience." He did not join the Officers' Training Corps, not because he was a pacifist—he promptly on the outbreak of war applied for a commission—but because he could find better employment for his leisure. He was an individualist. He did what he wanted and because he never questioned other people's preferences, no one interfered with him. He was never ragged. In later life he became a Buddhist. He had without knowing it been a practicing Buddhist while he was a schoolboy. He was very happy at Sherborne. That is why he returns year after year to these annual dinners.

That is why we all return: to swap anecdotes about this or that form master; to applaud the headmaster's speech on the school's achievements during the last year, to sing the Latin Carmen "Vivat Rex Edwardus Sextus," to drink a glass or two too many. Next morning we go to the school chapel for eight o'clock communion, attend the formal parade of matins; probably take sherry with one or other of the housemasters, then after lunch scatter to our separate lives and interests; and somehow we find that having been there will have made a difference to us through the year.

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ON THE RIGHT

What's Ethical?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Senate is clearly anxious to pass on to other matters now that Senator Dodd has been censured, but surely the victimization of one of its members suggests that the time is overdue to do something on the matter of putting together an ethics code. We all know that individual senators and congressmen resist an ethics code, for reasons mostly but not altogether discreditable. Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, who as a member of the Ethics Committee served as one of the more unflinching prosecutors, made in the course of the general discussions last week a most provocative observation: "We should not push too far in attempting to determine standards, nor be too harsh in applying them." He quoted a contemporary poet: "And if we purify the pond, the lilies die."

Buckley

Conflict of Interest: When?

I think I see what the Senator means, and no doubt, as an intelligent man, he saw, even though he did not acknowledge, the difficulties that led him to his position. Those difficulties are, brusquely stated, these: that a man can do something which is perfectly defensible, but which nevertheless doesn't look good emblazoned in a public report, let alone on the front pages of a newspaper. Many of the most venerated men in recent history—men of the public quality of Bernard Baruch and John D. Rockefeller Sr.—while not (from the available evidence) ever acting unlawfully, took advantage of certain situations so as to add greatly to their private fortunes. Would they have been able to do so if they had been senators of the United States, under the klieg light of the public-disclosure doctrine? It is always possible for the envious and for the contumacious to assert a base relationship between any single financial activity and any single political activity.

Not long ago a Secretary of the Air Force was made to resign because he had—absent-mindedly, there is every reason to believe—used his official stationery to scratch out a note urging a particular person to take his business to a firm with which the AirSec had been associated. Suppose a congressman, at the urging of his broker, puts a few dollars into a building supplies corporation, a month later votes in favor of, say, compulsory arbitration in the event of a nationwide strike against major industries. In the hands of Drew Pearson, addressing a community which is still given to puritanical seizures, the two acts become as closely related as the eating of the apple and the expulsion from Paradise.

What most senators and congressmen mostly care about is not that a full disclosure of their financial affairs will leave them prey to the dragons of Internal Revenue or the Justice Department: but that they would forever after be grist for the Drew Pearsons of this world, who grow fat from the business of malevolent distortion, which by the way ought to be listed on the stock exchange, and count me in for a hundred shares.

What the scholarly Senator McCarthy has not apparently turned his attention to is the danger in leaving it exclusively to the imagination of ad hoc ethics committees just what is wrong and what is right. It is an axiom of justice that the law should be visible and plainspoken. Heaven only knows it was nothing of the sort on the matter of the testimonial dinners for which Senator Dodd has been sent to Coventry. What about the business of receiving fees for referring business to other lawyers? There are sixty-odd lawyers in the Senate. Which of them will move to clarify this question? At what point can speculation in the stock market be said to raise questions as to a lawmaker's motivations when called upon to face legislation whose passage could affect the lawmaker's portfolio?

Public Disclosure Naive

The proposed answer has been—let's not make any laws, or pass any regulations. Let us just insist on public disclosure. It seems to me increasingly that that is naive, that a public official's investments are deeply private matters which should be shielded from invidious scrutiny. Poor Mr. Newbold Morris of New York went to Washington at President Truman's behest to clean up the mess. In his innocence he sent to every public servant a form asking what had been his net worth upon entering government service, what was his net worth now, and what had been his salary. Imagine studying the form that Lyndon Johnson would have had to fill in! The organism excreted Mr. Morris, and the lilies didn't die.

So they took themselves a victim last week, and perhaps their present intention is to propitiate their own failure to think the problem through by, say, a censure every ten years against whomever Mr. Pearson most dislikes at that moment. It is, though, a pity that the Senate, having nurtured its self-esteem, should fail to act on it sufficiently to face the dilemma.

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Men in Battle

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

This book is required reading for any American who wants to understand what American fighting men are accomplishing in Vietnam and the purpose toward which their efforts are directed. The author has won enduring fame for his firsthand reporting of men in battle in World War II, Korea and the Sinai campaign. Now, from Vietnam, he brings us, with this same vivid realism, the story of three battles fought during the summer monsoon season of 1966 in the Central Highlands. His hour-by-hour account of the soldiers who fought there, of those who died and those who survived, those who followed and those who led, of the men on our side and of the enemies they faced, carries conviction for any reader of open mind that these battles have not been fought in vain.

"The essential drama of war," the author writes, "lies in what is thought and done by men in the close-joined fire fight where their lives are at stake from minute to minute. . . . Nothing willed by any genius in high command as to the action of fighting forces has any real importance until the rank and file directly under the gun *do it* and thereby validate his judgment while sustaining his reputation for wisdom and boldness."

It is fashionable to say that the successes of American troops in Vietnam are largely, if not wholly, due to the enormous volume of our supporting fires (air and artillery). General Marshall's crisp narrative makes quite clear that the American soldier is consistently outfighting both the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong *on the ground with hand-carried weapons* — often under conditions when supporting fires are not immediately available. Our enemies have courage and endurance, but "their military character is too frequently overrated; their one great talent is evasion"—i.e. avoidance of direct contact unless all factors are favorable. Our air and artillery give us a priceless edge, but we are winning the infantry battle too—on the soldierly merit of our troops.

***Battles in the Monsoon,* by S. L. A. Marshall, Brig. General, USAR-Ret. Morrow, $6.95**

ONE REASON why this has not become clear to the American public is that the war in Vietnam has been—at least for a time—"the most wretchedly reported war in history." This is not the fault of our military leadership, who are only too anxious for the facts to be widely understood. It is the fault of a considered over-all policy of trying to make everything look rosy, a policy which may be exemplified in the system adopted for naming battles. They are not called *battles*—too harsh and bloody a word—but are given the smoother title of *operations*, tagged with the names of distinguished Americans such as Nathan Hale and Washington Irving. "It's the Madison Avenue approach to making bloodshed more acceptable," writes Marshall. "The net result will be the scrambling of history."

That result is already visible. The day-to-day reports from Saigon, as printed or televised in the United States, tell of engagements fought in widely separated parts of South Vietnam, so-and-so-many miles northeast or southwest or whatever of Saigon, with so-and-so-many casualties. That these engagements are each a part of a considered plan and together add up to the accomplishment of a practical purpose, is rarely if ever conveyed to readers or viewers. The result is confusion and a sense of futility—"the hopeless war."

Also there has been over-emphasis on statistics, beloved of the civilian echelons of the Department of Defense. Take the "body count" rule, which requires that the number of enemy KIA (killed in action) be reported from actual count by American personnel of enemy bodies left on the battlefield. But the enemy consistently carries or drags away his dead when he can; if not, he sometimes buries them right in the bunkers and foxholes where they died, so that they are often overlooked. Or something like this happens: "General Pearson and Captain Dill lay on the rim of the knoll and counted NVA bodies on the slope. There were twenty-three. One hour later all were gone. None of these bodies was included in the official total. Five NVA soldiers were killed trying to pull back bodies from the hill; they were not counted either."

Or consider the official insistence—long maintained and not yet wholly abandoned—that Cambodian territory is not being used by the enemy as a privileged sanctuary, when it is the common knowledge of every soldier who has fought in the Central Highlands and the adjoining area northwest of Saigon that without this Cambodian sanctuary the whole fighting force of the enemy in those parts would have been wiped out during the past year.

VIETNAM is a land in which it is no pleasure for Westerners to fight. There are leeches and jungle rot. There is a particularly vicious form of malaria, which can strike suddenly and knock a man out of the battleline. There is the heat—which makes tabasco sauce an article in great demand, to offset the effects of the local temperature. There are disease-carrying mosquitoes. Of course, there is also insect repellent, issued to all soldiers. But—"young Americans are so conditioned to deodorants that many of these soldiers stick with

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cologne and after-shave lotion and dare the anopheles mosquito to have at it."

One highly heartening picture emerges from General Marshall's pages: our Army (and Marine Corps) units are the most thoroughly and compatibly integrated organizations under the American flag. There are Negro soldiers in almost every combat outfit. Many of them are noncommissioned officers. They are the full equals as battle leaders of any other soldiers, and they are obeyed by white subordinates, not only without question, but with the trust and affection they merit on the basis of their soldierly qualities. There is hope in that reflection.

There is hope, too, in the indelible impression which emerges from Marshall's tale of small fights blending into a coherent and purposeful whole. While on most pages the focus is on the front-line soldier, the viewpoint shifts often enough to battalion, brigade and higher headquarters so that the reader never loses sight of the purpose behind the fighting. This is a war which has not only an evolving tactical doctrine, but a clear strategic plan and aim.

Of the "average American VIP," General Marshall notes that "his willingness to sound an opinion on the problems faced by the nation in Southeast Asia invariably outruns his supply of information." It is a pity that statesmen and scholars here at home cannot be required to read *Battles in the Monsoon* before making that next pronouncement for the guidance of public thinking on the Vietnam war.

The numerous maps and sketches are of great aid in illustrating the text. They would be even more helpful had all of them been supplied with N-S directional arrows, and with scales in kilometers or meters.

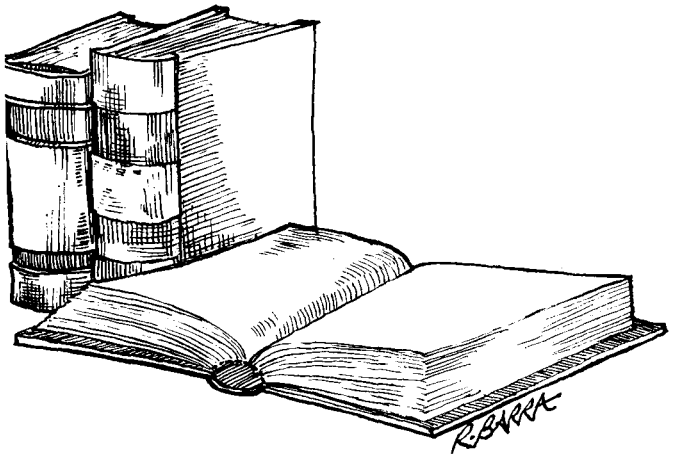
Orwell, American Style

M. STANTON EVANS

***The Journal of David Q. Little*, by R. Daniel McMichael. Arlington House, $6.95**

THAT COMMUNISM MIGHT SUCCEED in conquering America by some *jiu-jitsu* of intellectual warfare is dismissed in most political discussions as alarmist speculation. R. Daniel McMichael views the matter otherwise, and has made the idea of Soviet America the central premise of a convincing and well-written novel.

"David Q. Little" is a twentieth-century Everyman, a middle-class suburbanite who concentrates his energies on questions of material well-being and is determined, where ideological questions are concerned, not to "get involved." In consequence, he finds himself very much involved in the destruction of his liberties, his family and his country. His moral confusions represent, in microcosm, the confusions of the nation at large.



As the story opens, the United States has negotiated a "friendship treaty" with the Soviet Union, assertedly averting nuclear holocaust and aiming toward "convergence" of the capitalist and Communist systems. A disarmed America is placed under the jurisdiction of an international police force controlled from Moscow. The treaty machinery is by degrees deployed to secure Bolshevik mastery of America, a program which begins by systematic public warfare on various "right-wing extremists" who had the temerity to oppose the treaty in the first place.

The narrator begins as an enthusiatic supporter of the treaty, which he views chiefly as a device for insuring his own physical survival. But he soon finds himself pressed into service as a show trial witness against his employer, subjected to increasingly tight regulation of everything he says and does, converted to a bureaucratic cog in the fulfilment of irrational economic plans. By the time successive outrages convince him of the truth, the takeover is complete. Little loses his freedom, his home, his family, and at last sinks to a life of crime and mendicancy.

THE POLITICAL deterioration of the United States is reflected in the personal deterioration of the narrator. Everyman Little finds himself singularly unequipped to deal with the crises and challenges that successively confront him. Taught from youth to evade hard questions, to mantle everything in gray, to adjust and agree, he is perfect meat for the Communists. He compromises himself down the ladder of degradation until there is nothing left—not even the material comforts he thought he was preserving.

At one point, this allegorical little David attempts to make a stand against the Bolshevik Goliath. But he is too perfect a "pragmatist," too well trained in convenient equivocation, not to see the ambiguous angle in every obscenity. He excuses himself from the combat. If one cannot know for sure that he is right, what's the sense of risking home, job and car—not to mention life? Better to go along and get along, to repeat the same litany of peace and change and welfare that everyone else is reciting.

The themes of personal and national decadence are interlaced at countless points in Mr. McMichael's story, principally through the rationalizations employed by diverse liberal spokesmen to justify every new surrender as "a blow for peace that can be opposed only by extremists." Mr. McMichael's most interesting charac-

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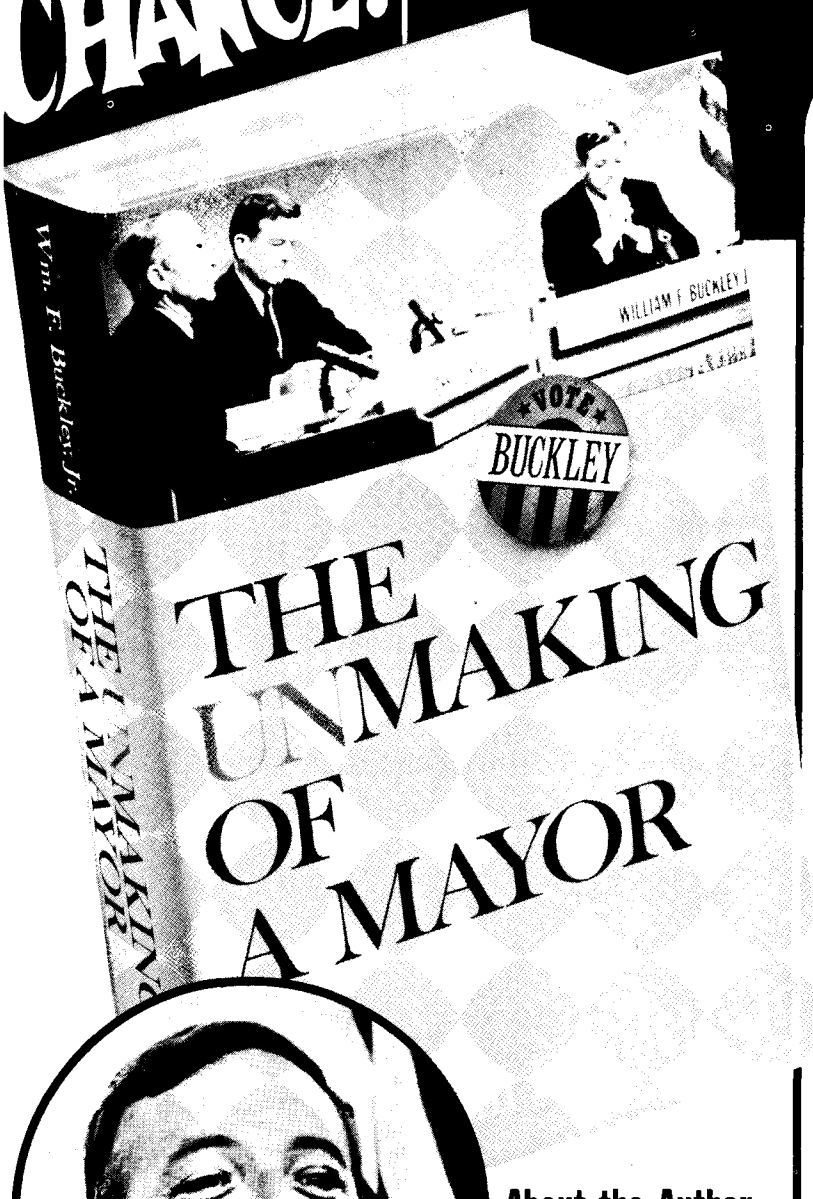

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About the Author

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. is known to millions for his TV show "The Firing Line," and as a syndicated newspaper columnist and author of a half-dozen books, including "God and Man at Yale" and "Up from Liberalism." Buckley is also, of course, Editor-in-Chief of **National Review.**

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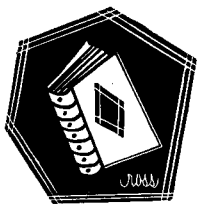
ter, an excellent parody of our reigning liberal theoreticians, explains things this way:

> There have been some extremists who are doing a disservice to the cause of lasting peace by darkly implying that somehow the treaty of friendship is going to change the Constitution. . . . I have been nearly twenty years studying and teaching the role of government. One of the first things we discuss in the classroom . . . is the fact that the Constitution cannot be changed unless either it is amended or a Constitutional Convention is held. . . . Maybe I missed something in the newspapers, or maybe I didn't hear the President's State of the Union message correctly, but he didn't say anythng about changing the Constitution, did he?

This is perfect. Walter Lippmann himself could not have done better: the false premise, the marshaling of irrelevant expertise, the muffling of sanity in the counterfeit of argument. This is precisely the way many liberals think and talk, and it is the great strength of Mr. McMichael's book that he has managed to portray this particular form of modern madness without overdoing it. Such fidelity to the real world around us characterizes Mr. McMichael's book throughout. The society he portrays is Orwellian, but all the instruments of tyranny and confusion are taken from the present.

Constant yielding to Soviet demands, pathetic maunderings about "convergence," blind willingness to accept



virtually anything labeled as an antidote to war, the dismantling of our constitutional system, rampant crime and violence protected by the courts, "new morality" and the decadence of the churches—these key elements of McMichael's drama did not, unhappily, have to be invented. They are leading principles of our everyday experience. The author has merely integrated them into a coherent whole and projected their logical consequences. The result suggests that 1984, American style, could well be upon us before we know it.

Among many well-handled themes is the book's demonstration that the liberal mind, committed at all costs to certain terminal objectives, is impervious to factual refutation. There is in the liberal view no conceivable development, from too much poverty to too much affluence, which is not a reason for augmented collectivism—so that when government interference leads to inflation or permanent recession, these things merely become pretexts for still more intervention. In foreign affairs, Soviet advances made possible by previous efforts at appeasement are likewise taken as a pretext for still further appeasement. This, too, is a portrait from life.

As the novel closes, Little sets out to rehabilitate himself and, in conjunction with other disenchanted citizens, to launch a resistance movement. He comes to realize that the ultimate reason for Communist success lies not within Communism, but within himself. The Bolsheviks could not have triumphed if the Littles of the world had not averted their gaze, alibied surrenders, and refused to address themselves to the hard realities of the cold war era. This is, on any reasoned assessment of the available data, an accurate presentation. Mr. McMichael has made his point impressively in a first novel which causes us to hope he will continue his speculations in other volumes yet to come.

Defects of the Body Politic

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

I THINK JACQUES ELLUL'S heart is in the right place. I have to say "I think" because his prose style, or at least the prose style foisted on him by Konrad Kellen, his translator, is so obfuscatory that his exact intentions are sometimes difficult to perceive. It contains words and word-orders which are not English and whole sentences like this: "Doctrine has merely reified ongoing situations insofar as the conditioning of people and the absence of any true political activity is concerned." Trying to make sense of such stuff is like wading through thick mud. Perhaps surprisingly, the effort turns out to be well worth while.

The Political Illusion is a block-busting attack on the cant and smug self-deception which shape almost all contemporary talk and writing about politics. Ellul's instincts may quite possibly be liberal (in the American sense); he talks about "egalitarianism" and "socialist hopes" as though these were self-evidently good things in themselves. "Are we not witnessing," he asks, "a general trend towards statism, even in liberal, entirely democratic countries?" A conservative might carp at the word "even," but would have to applaud the vigor of Ellul's disapproving affirmative. Indeed, Ellul himself is soon agreeing that "the most liberal people are the most intransigent" and explaining that "the fundamental error" of the French revolutionary philosophers was "to believe that controls over the state could be found *in* the state."

He opens fire on a whole regiment of liberal platitudes. Have we "only ourselves to blame" if we neglect to take part in the processes of democratic decision-making? Not at all; the group activities which give an illusion of effective participation may not even be legitimate and certainly cannot bind those who decline to subscribe. On the contrary, individuals ought, for the sake of their spiritual health, to keep some distance away from political processes which are now, and apparently always must be, totally removed, except in words, from the real values of liberty, justice and the dignity of the human person.

***The Political Illusion*, by Jacques Ellul. Knopf, $8.95**

CAN WE ever hope, in a democracy, to be ruled by honest and capable politicians? Of course not. "The specialist in how to make a political career never will become a boon to civilization or even a good custodian of the commonwealth (even if he were to apply himself to the task, for which he would have very little time)."

Is the trouble simply that some people or some nations are "not yet ready" for democracy—democracy which will necessarily emerge in the

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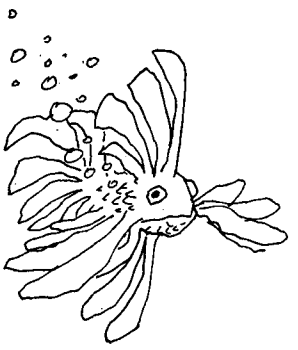
end, history's "inevitable fruit"? The facts point in the opposite direction. Dictatorships and Communism, not democracy, are emerging as the normal situation. The future seems to be with them. (Britain and the United States, M. Ellul says, are still somewhat different, "but these countries should take care, for they are traveling along the same road.")

Does the solution lie in more "education for civil responsibilities"? Such education, like the "adjustment" about which American educationists prate, is merely a way of making the citizen conform to the state's requirements and precluding him from true awareness or reflection.

Can we look to academic sociology for guidance? No; its apparent objectivity is just a camouflage for prejudice. Should we accept that favorite liberal cliché about ourselves all being guilty when anyone com-



mits a crime, or all responsible for famines and wars in Asia? To do so, M. Ellul contends, far from being an acceptance of responsibility is really an evasion of it. "To say that we are all murderers means, translated, that nobody is individually a murderer, i.e. that I am not a murderer."

Here, as elsewhere, he is attacking the "politization" (ghastly word) which makes people think of every situation, every problem, in political —that is, collective—terms and look always to the state for remedies. One aspect of this tendency is the "commitment" which leftish artists and writers and actors prize so highly. Politization leads necessarily, Ellul says, to a totalitarian state, which leads in turn to a system of values determined solely by what is expedient, or thought to be expedient, for the state. It means the substitution of "social justice" for justice in the old sense, and to some very peculiar definitions of freedom.

EVERYONE today is supposed to be passionately interested in collective affairs, and the state is entitled, in return, to make unlimited demands on every citizen. This political excitement, Ellul maintains, is largely spurious. Major public decisions are not really the fruit of political choice at

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Now we can sing along with Frodo, Bilbo *et al.*—Donald Swann (of Flanders and) has dropped his hat and set to music seven of the songs in *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings.* The book will include piano accompaniments, guitar chords, and yet more of Tolkien's scholarly impedimenta (Houghton, October, $3.95). . . . 'Tis the season for teams of reporters to delve under rocks, examine the seamier characters of our time and have their findings published by New American Library. Garry Wills and Ovid Demaris are expanding their *Esquire* articles on Jack Ruby into a book, *The Man Who Killed the Man Who Killed Kennedy* (September, $4.95); Charles Howard Schmid Jr., the weirdo who did in three teenyboppers, is examined in *The Pied Piper of Tucson* by Don Meyer and Jerry Cohen (October, $4.95), and A. M. Rosenthal and Arthur Gelb, both of the *N.Y. Times,* recount the strange life and death of Daniel Burros, a Nice Jewish Boy who made it big as a Ku Klux Klansman, in *One More Victim* (October, $5).

S. N. Behrman is writing an introduction to *Strive and Succeed,* a double dose of Horatio Alger containing *Julius, or, The Street Boy Out West* and *The Score Boy, or, The Fortunes of Ben Barclay* (Holt, July, $4.95). . . . Britain's Labor Party gets dissected by no less than C. Northcote Parkinson, in the forthcoming *Left Luggage*—President's English: "Unclaimed Baggage" (Houghton, October, $4.95). . . . A CIA good-guy turned out to pasture is the hero of Finis Farr's new novel, *Elephant Valley* (Arlington House, July, $5). . . . Elizabeth Salter, Edith Sitwell's Boswell, has written *The Last Years of a Rebel* about her friend (Houghton, October, $5).

For the hammock: *Poetic Justice,* edited by Ellery Queen, an anthology of 23 crime stories—all by Genuine Poets (New American Library, September, $7.95); *The President's Mystery Plot,* a bit of curiosa written in the Thirties by S. S. Van Dine, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbott and other such (a chapter each), from an outline provided by FDR (Prentice Hall, July, $4.95); *The Best of Amazing,* edited by Joseph Ross, an anthology covering all the years of the pioneer sf magazine and including Murray Leinster's first story, a David H. Kelleryarn, Asimov, etc. (Doubleday, $4.50).

● MISCELLANEA: William Manchester's *The Death of a President* couldn't be a dud, but sales have been less than expected. Some booksellers are badly disappointed, many are selling the book at a discount, and the publishers, Harper & Row, have announced no plans for a second printing. . . . The monaural record is on the way out, as fewer and fewer non-stereo players are manufactured. One European manufacturer has eliminated the mono disc, and several U.S. firms are studying the possibility.

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all; they are technical and, given the universal modern hypothesis (a hypothesis shared by Communist, no less than by Western, nations) that the sole object of the state is to increase its citizens' happiness by increasing their collective material wealth, these decisions flow ineluctably from the work of bureaucrats and experts. Neither politicians nor electors can properly grasp them or hope to influence them.

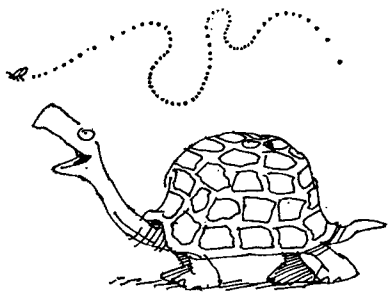
To compensate for this fundamental impotence, the politicians and electors whip themselves into a great lather about ephemeral current events. This lather is magnified by the effect of mass communications, which produce "an incessant renewal of stimuli provoking constant reactions, intensifying prejudices, hardening groups," with the result that nothing can be done in modern democracies unless public opinion is aroused, and, if it is aroused, moderate, equitable and provident solutions are no longer possible. Political and social problems are created by public opinion, and the weight of public opinion then paralyzes the government's efforts to deal with them.

Neither in major, nor in ephemeral, matters, therefore, is there any real choice. The Algerian affiair, for example, having been made urgent purely by propaganda, could not have been settled in 1956, when a large majority of Frenchmen were still in favor of a French Algeria, but was settled the only way possible in 1960, when an increasing number of Frenchmen had accepted the inevitability of surrender. Similarly, Ellul quotes the attempts of Britain's Conservative Government in the 1950s to reverse the tide of collectivism. It proved, he says, impossible.

But the continuous vivid presentation of current affairs gives people the illusion that they are involved in them and influencing them. This illusion is itself subject to censorship, partly self-imposed, partly state-controlled. Facts which run contrary to the prevailing prejudices become non-facts. (It is unfortunate that Ellul should take as an example of "straight information" which happened to produce a strong public reaction by colliding with a well-established, stereotyped value-judgment the case of Podola, who was supposed to have been beaten up in a London police station. I am reasonably satisfied, from the evidence I've seen, that the beating-up never occurred except in the minds of certain newspapermen and anti-police politicians.)

The politicians and the public do, therefore, to some extent restrain each other, but in the sense, not of limiting excesses, but merely of restricting—Ellul would say eliminating—choice. No minority, he says grimly, ever wants to reduce the state's power, but rather to manipulate it. And the people, under the spell of politization, think it normal for the state's sphere of action constantly to expand.

So what is an honest man to do? Like Plato's philosopher, he could step aside and try to shelter from the gales of the world behind a private wall; but, as politization goes further and the state's tentacles grow longer, this becomes increasingly difficult. It is too late, Ellul concludes, to depolitize. The logic of his argument should culminate in total pessimism, but, like most writers, he feels obliged to contrive some kind of up-beat ending. So he has a suggestion to make—that we should strive to reinforce, rather than adjust out of existence, the tensions in society between one group and another, between private value-judgments and the state's code of values.



This seems a somewhat slim hope to set against the blackness of the picture Ellul has already painted. I don't myself entirely share his pessimism. I believe men can still choose, that France was driven from Algeria and that Britain's Conservative Government failed to dismantle the welfare state, not because of any historical determinism, but through sheer lack of will. Things could have turned out otherwise; they could turn out otherwise tomorrow when we try the game again. And even if this isn't true, I believe that, for sanity's sake and to give us the heart for another fight, we ought to believe that it is.

Nevertheless, *The Political Illusion* is an impressive and intellectually invigorating book. To turn from it to a run-of-the-mill editorial or to the latest speech of almost any politician is like passing from the throb of an eagle's wings to the twittering of sparrows.

Men and Manners

Cars, Cars, Cars

C. H. SIMONDS

According to one of those recent surveys with which the nation so loves to amuse itself, the American male daydreams more often about cars than sex. Hush the Freudish gaspings: it's understandable. A woman is only a woman (which is surely enough) but a good car, now that ladies are offered Tiparillos and the saloon is dead, is something entirely else, one of the few remaining masculine preserves. Like a woman, it is something the male creature can latch onto, make a fool of himself over, love and understand. (The number of women who truly love and understand automobiles is tiny: they commit such enormities as refusing to understand the sweet logic of the gear-shift, and driving home from the supermarket with stalks of celery and O-Cedar sponge mops protruding from the back seats of Aston-Martins, and saying infuriating things like, "Well after all, it's just transportation, isn't it?" or "My car is broken" or—it was said about a birdcage Maserati that I was eyeing lustfully — "Gee, it's sorta *cute*!")

If woman is man's partner, the automobile is his toy; one is fire to the other's frying pan, really, but to live

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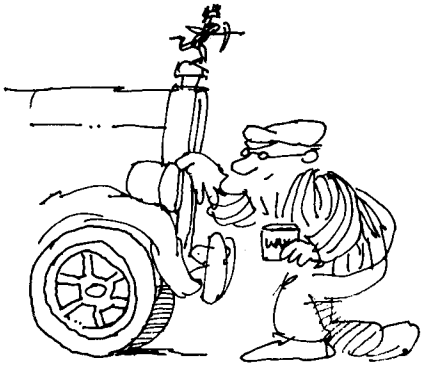
is to dream and delude oneself. The toy function was everywhere in evidence at the International Auto Show, now touring the nation after opening in New York City this spring. Cars of every description were strewn over three floors of the New York Coliseum, like great baubles tossed to greedy children by some benevolence beyond. There were a few sensible station-wagons for the wives, but the emphasis was all on color, style, speed, dash, verve and whoosh; even little Simcas, Renaults and such were painted gaudy colors and touted as "fun cars," and the Volkswagen display, all practicality and writhing self-deprecation, merely proved the rule by inverting it. (VW offered a modest proposal in the form of its little "Squareback" station-wagon painted Taxicab Yellow and equipped with meter, sliding partition *et cetera*. Understandably, it drew crowds of admiring New Yorkers; alas, a sign confessed that the thoroughly comfortable vehicle was but a dream because—get this—it was too small to meet size standards for city cabs.)

THE SHOW would have maddened car-haters, that strange breed of demi-intellectual (Eric Bentley is a car-hater, when he isn't busy fondling the corpse of Bertold Brecht) that reveres Ralph Nader and rails at the tail-fin (which vanished six or seven years ago) as a clear and present symptom of America's ugliness, spiritual emptiness and moral decay. It displayed the automobile in its infinite variety, and car-haters like to think of the auto industry in terms of three wicked Detroit monoliths that hold the American public in a state of colonial subjugation. In reality, given the cash and the inclination, the car-seeker can have anything from a $1,500 Mini-Moke, a platform holding four tiny wheels, a little Austin engine, a driver's seat and a surrey top, and designed to take just about anything just about anywhere; to a Rolls Royce Silver Shadow for $31,000 (almost a waste, now that the makers have embraced not only dual headlamps but also the Coke-bottle bulge over the rear wheels that Pontiac pioneered back in 1964).

Engines of three, four, six, eight or twelve cylinders are mounted in front, in the rear, sideways; cars have front-wheel, rear-wheel and four-wheel drive; there are fat air-conditioned things for bombing down the thruway with Lester Lanin on the stereo-tape, snaky sports cars for prowling the back roads of a summer's day, rugged boxy cars for driving right off the road, through a swamp or two and up the nearest mountainside. The man who can't find a car to please him these days must want a Sherman tank.

The GT (Grand Touring, an imprecise classification of dubious origin and widely misused) cars were in their glory. Perhaps because of their greater speed and comfort, the likes of Porsche and Jaguar—and now, with an especially handsome entry, the Japanese firm of Toyota—have replaced the old-style sports roadster in the affections of suburban rebel types. Which is fine — who would quarrel with the desirability of a car in which one (or two) can travel long distances at high speeds, in great comfort, and at the same time enjoy the pleasure of *driving*, as opposed to mere cruising?

There were up-to-date throwbacks



to more elegant and exciting days: the irreplaceable and almost never-changing Morgan, which looks rather like the MG once did (only better) with its long, lean hood, *genuine* fenders and running boards, and old-fashioned vertical radiator grille; and the Excalibur, an $8,000 made-in-Milwaukee replica of the 1927 Mercedes-Benz SSK, complete with baroquely serpentine exhaust pipes blossoming from the side of the hood (long, lean) and curving gracefully down into the fenders and out of sight, but powered by a thoroughly modern mill, a get-it-fixed-anywhere Chevrolet Corvette 327.

WHILE LESS EXOTIC, the Detroit products showed up well. The bad old style of a few years ago is forever gone; everything is swoopy, fast-backed (small boys at auto shows love to slide down fast backs) and tidily chromeless. The Industry concentrated on its pseudo-sports cars for the young consumer—the Mustang, Camaro, Barracuda, Firebird *et al*, which, however purists may sniff, offer the public handsome basic cars. Option list in hand, the buyer can transform one into just about anything he wants, from a quiet, economical, automatically transmissioned runabout to a snarling, torqued-up beast. Almost as entrancing as the cars in the Detroit exhibits were the girls who stood beside them on revolving platforms, dressed to the nines and cooing the cars' merits in carameled voices ("Oo, yis, and it's the *safest* car on the road!").

THEN there were the hybrids: the stock Detroit cars gloried up by independent manufacturers like John Fitch, who nicely modifies the Chevrolet Corvair into a creature with European dash and American convenience and reliability, and Carroll Shelby, whose Ford Mustang fastback becomes, *via* meddlings with engine, suspension and body, a gutsy road machine. Fitch and Shelby should be imitated and emulated: they produce individualistic cars of a sort that mass production prohibits, yet, because they start with mass-produced originals, they are able to keep prices (initial purchase *and* maintenance) within reason. Even further out, strictly for the hard-core enthusiast, is the Valkyrie, from Fiberfab (also makers of a bewildering array of dramatic fiberglass bodies for Volkswagens and other conventional cars). It comes as a kit, costing about $1,500 and consisting of a chassis and a body—very low, spectacularly European-racer. Into this, where back seat and trunk would normally be, one drops one's favorite V-8 engine (or Corvair 6, if timid) and—presto! Instant LeMans! How's *that* for choice?

Almost lost in the array of good things was a prototype battery-powered vehicle from General Motors. Under the hood and in the trunk (and for all I know, in the glove compartment and ashtray) were crammed nasty plastic battery cells. This was not, of course, a *car*. Under the hood of a *car* are cast iron and steel, and writhing exhaust ports, and brushed metal valve covers, and wires wandering all over the place, and when you turn it all on, things roar and spin and move, and or, my. . . . Oh, well

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About The Author: DR. MORTON B. GLENN: Dr. Glenn is president of the American College of Nutrition. He has served as medical consultant to the U.N. and as president of the food and Nutrition Council of Greater New York.

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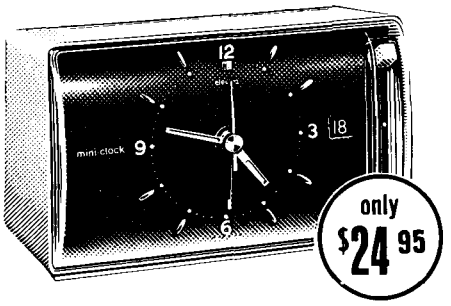

They're the same people who don't mind living with "the approximate" time or walking into a Five-and-Dime every six months to buy another new $8.95 wind-up tick-tock.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

PEACE OR PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE?, by Richard V. Allen (American Bar Association. $1.00). Continuation of the "class struggle" inside the imperialist countries, full and continuing support to "wars of national liberation," and no peaceful coexistence of ideologies—all these are part of the Communist theory of peaceful coexistence. In fact, Allen makes clear, the tactic of peaceful coexistence is a Communist design for the achievement of Communism everywhere in the world at the least expense and under the most favorable conditions. If this is really true—and no reader of Allen, with his pertinent citations from pertinent Marxist-Leninist sources, can doubt it—then why do so many in the West look favorably on something called "peaceful coexistence"? The answer is that such persons don't read what the Communists say or don't believe what they read.

W. D. JACOBS

POLITICS AND ECONOMIC CHANGE IN LATIN AMERICA, by Charles W. Anderson (Van Nostrand, $3.95). The art of generalizing the Latin American panorama is a demanding test for any writer or scholar. Political scientist Anderson (University of Wisconsin) passes with good marks. Keeping his eyes firmly fastened on what is, rather than what ought to be, Anderson points out that the politics of development, like any other sort of politics, remain the art of the possible. In addition, he makes a convincing case for asking the economists to consider the political side before they go off proposing grandiose economic development plans. The experience of ten Latin American countries is discussed on the basis of Anderson's general approach. Unfortunately, too many of the author's incisive and refreshing observations are obscured in tedious banks of grey academese, a failing which will keep the general reader away from this otherwise fine and interesting book.

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

THE DREW PEARSON STORY, by Frank Kluckhohn and Jay Franklin (Charles Hallberg & Co., $4.95). This is probably the most unauthorized biography since *JFK: The Man and the Myth.* The authors, veteran newspapermen both, have skilfully taken Drew and quartered him. This they achieve by the singular tactic of researching the truth and recording it accurately; a technique which internal evidence suggests they did not learn from Pearson. However, the authors have employed one of Pearson's favorite ploys—the breezy use of innuendo and questionable analogy—to the detriment of their book. Veracity needs no cheap tinsel. Besides, coating a well-honed hatchet with smear only dulls the blade. Nevertheless, *The Drew Pearson Story* is in its way fascinating—a sort of journalistic *Mondo Cane*—not only for its background and historical information, but for the facts on the current investigation of Senator Dodd. Messrs. Kluckhohn and Franklin show that although Pearson writes a hard-hitting column, he is somewhat indifferent to the beltline.

J. D. KIRWAN

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To the Editor

(Continued from p. 719)

servative. How has he conceived the idea that LBJ can "stiffen this nation's will to survive as a sovereign state"? It surely cannot be done by building bridges to Moscow and enforcing sanctions against Rhodesia.

West Covina, Cal. HANNAH R. GRIBBEN

Guarding the 'Guardian'

Your issue of May 30 has only just reached me. It quotes two passages from some comments I made at the World Newspapers Conference in Kyoto, Japan. For the record, can I give you the same passages from the transcript made by the "Asahi Shimbun" (the organizers of the conference)?

The first came towards the end of an opening statement.

"It is easy for us, the Americans and Europeans who have criticized American action, to say 'Asia is for the Asians: we ought to keep out'; to say 'We, the white people, have no business fighting wars or propping up weak governments in Southeast Asia.' It is easy, too, to say that Vietnam would have been better without this war and that people there want, above all, to live in peace; so let the Americans withdraw. With those two views in the past I have had much sympathy. I am no longer quite so sure.

"People want to live in peace, yes. It is absolutely an understandable and right desire, a human desire. But the Americans are now extending the areas of security in the Delta and on the coast—a slow, painful, and difficult job. It is bound to be subject to setbacks. But there are areas now, substantial areas, which are relatively secure and are being extended.

"For probably half the people of that country and for quite possibly a bit more than half, the likeliest way now to a peaceful life is by letting the Americans complete their operations. We must remember that a great many of the individual people in South Vietnam have risked their lives and their families' lives to prevent Vietcong control of their country. Let us think very carefully before we say to them 'You must accept the Vietcong and you must be ruled by them.' Let us realize also what a blood bath there will be if the Americans were now to withdraw. Let us by all means press the United States to try, try, and try again for negotiations. Let us press them to stop the bombing in the North. But let us not pass too hasty a judgment on the enormous task of civil reconstruction that they have undertaken in the South."

The second passage dealt with a specific point on escalation.

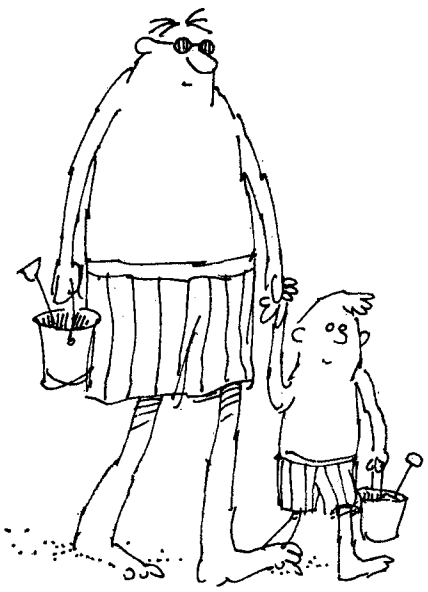
"We ought also to draw a distinction between two kinds of escalation. There is escalation which involves increased air attacks on North Vietnam and I think there is pretty unanimous agreement that this is something that ought to be avoided. There is the other kind of escalation which is simply an increase in the number of troops and arms available for defending the settled localities, the settled parts of South Vietnam. To the extent that the United States may be thinking of perhaps bringing in another 200,000 or 300,000 troops to increase the security, to prevent hit-and-run attacks on villages, to prevent the mining of roads and so on in the Delta—I think that that would be fully justified.

"One ought to be ready to see the Americans, if they so choose, substantially increasing their forces if these are devoted to the security operations in the Delta and along the coast and also to search and kill operations in the mountain areas fringing the populated areas. That seems to me a reasonable and acceptable thing. And, though it is terribly hard to judge, I would think that is a battle the Americans are in fact winning at present. But escalation of the kind that involves further operations in the North, further bombing in the North—this is a different kind of escalation, and unacceptable."

Whether all this justifies your description of it as "an amazing Peking-style recantation" is for others to judge. Personally, I think the description is a bit far-fetched.

London A. HETHERINGTON
Editor
The Guardian

All right, let's stick to jargon and call it "a substantial modification of previously held attitudes." —ED.



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HSIEH

(Continued from p. 746)

Lisbon of the latter's vulnerable position and to impress upon all Overseas Chinese Peking's power to act as their leader, spokesman and protector. (Portugal does not have a diplomatic mission in Taipei, but the Nationalists do have a legation in Lisbon and formerly maintained a "Special Foreign Affairs Office" in Macao to handle the signing of Chinese Nationalist passports and visas, to protect the welfare of the Chinese nationals and help rehabilitate refugees from the mainland. This office was closed on March 29, 1965 as a result of political pressure from Peking.)

Governor de Carvalho was now faced with a great dilemma. With Macao's mother country located nearly 10,000 miles away, he had no alternative but to give in. "Distant water cannot extinguish a fire at hand," says a Chinese proverb. Denounced by the United Nations, hated by the Africans, boycotted by the Macao Chinese in a "Three No" campaign—no payment of taxes, no sales of food, no rendering of services—the Portuguese finally surrendered. They pledged to prohibit all relief, educational and other activities operated by the Nationalist Chinese in Macao. (During the past fifteen years, the anti-Communist "Refugee Relief Association" has aided about 110,000 refugees from mainland China with money, clothing and jobs.) They pledged also that all refugees who escape from the mainland into Macao shall be sent back across the border and handed over to the Chinese authorities. Thus Macao, which in the past always prided itself on its magnanimity, sacrificed its traditional neutrality and will be a haven of refugees no more. Lost also is its value as a source of intelligence for "China watchers."

One important reason for the capitulation, apart from Peking's political blackmail, was the pressure exerted by local Chinese millionaires who run the big businesses of gold import, greyhound racing and gambling. According to reliable sources, the two million-odd *patacas* in compensation was shelled out by these "leftist capitalists" who believed that surrender to the Reds was less detrimental to Macao's economy and that, anyway, their "losses" could be recouped within a few months.

Economically, Macao depends on mainland China for the bulk of its food supply. A protracted blockage of food and other daily necessities would be as efficient as an invasion. The Chinese Communists have successfully used the riots to blackmail Portugal and to reap a political harvest. So although theoretically sovereignty lies with the Portuguese authorities, the strings will now be pulled by Peking, and Macao virtually exists at the sufferance of Red China.

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A city in South Wales	16 67 91 83 200 203 47
B. Incorrect term for United States Senate used by many people (but not by House members!)	20 5 45 95 135 201 140 155 34
C. Free from hindrances or difficulties	27 1 111 118 31 103
D. Name borne by five popes	57 26 138 120 92 14
E. One who doesn't always want to get involved	63 30 44 174 184 4 54 73 97 126
F. U.S. news commentator and author (1892-); full name	144 2 28 33 46 153 167 23 42 74 80 89
G. How Babe Ruth batted, pitched, and fielded, but not how he signed baseballs	147 13 186 18 29 24 59 70 88 101
H. Political leader in formerly Belgian Congo	171 68 3 104 37 51 206 192
I. Shameless	172 43 124 142 52 21 209 105
J. A poem that became famous because of translation	180 75 149 15 49 136 58 173
K. The cousins and enemies of the Pandavas	113 137 56 96 196 190 208 133
L. It helps to maintain inefficient and expensive government	117 11 192 116 123 161 41 110 134 76 145
M. A type of grating	129 85 77 17 6 162 50 127 175

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Versatile German (1749-1832) who was prime minister of Saxe-Weimar for a time	160 61 189 22 168 181
O. A seaport in Korea	164 93 112 115 79 62
P. A prolific Ottoman author (died 1712)	194 119 78 53
Q. Where Cain lived; presumably where he found his wife	211 86 106
R. Rudimentary	9 108 130 65 125 210 25 150
S. So-called	72 66 87 139 128 7 158
T. This type of tale is not necessarily shady	84 32 55 69 98 132 178 187 151 60
U. The first letter of a proper name	121 198 148 8 154 99 165
V. A zeolite mineral, a hydrous silicate of sodium and aluminum	213 152 10 188 179 177 169 81 131
W. To reduce to a lower grade or class	94 156 141 204 102 191
X. One of Shakespeare's plays	107 114 35 199 176 166 157
Y. What an aircraft guided by remote control is	205 100 182 36 143 197 212 12
Z. A game played on a court by two players or two pairs of players	39 146 214 195 82 185 109 159 170
a. What loyalty ought to be, Messrs. Romney, et al, etc.	90 64 71 163 183 202 122 207 19 38 40 48

See page 719 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 C	2 F	3 H	4 E		5 B	6 M	7 S	8 U	9 R	10 V	11 L	12 Y
13 G	14 D		15 J	16 A	17 M		18 G	19 a	20 B	21 I		22 N	23 F	24 G	25 R		26 D
27 C		28 F	29 G	30 E		31 C	32 T	33 F	34 B		35 X	36 Y	37 H	38 a		39 Z	40 a
41 L	42 F	43 I	44 E		45 B	46 F	47 A	48 a	49 J	50 M	51 H	52 I	53 P	54 E	55 T	56 K	57 D
	58 J	59 G	60 T	61 N	62 O	63 E		64 a	65 R	66 S		67 A	68 H	69 T		70 G	71 a
72 S	73 E		74 F	75 J	76 L	77 M		78 P	79 O	80 F	81 V	82 Z	83 A	84 T		85 M	86 Q
87 S	88 G	89 F		90 a	91 A		92 D	93 O	94 W	95 B	96 K	97 E	98 T	99 U	100Y	101G	
102W	103C	104H	105I		106Q	107X	108R	109Z		110L	111C	112O	113K		114X	115O	116L
	117L	118C	119P	120D		121U	122a		123L		124I	125R	126E	127M		128S	129M
130R	131V	132T	133K	134L	135B	126J		137K	138D	139S	140B	141W		142I	143Y	144F	145L
	146Z		147G	148U	149J	150R	151T	152V	153F		154U	155B	156W	157X	158S	159Z	160N
161L	162M		163a	164O	165U	166X		167F	168N	169V	170Z	171H		172I	173J		174E
175M	176X	177V		178T	179V		180J	181N	182Y	183a	184E	185Z		186G	187T	188V	189N
190K	191W	192L		193H	194P	195Z	196K	197Y	198U	199X	200A		201B	202a		203A	204W
205Y	206H	207a		208K	209I		210R	211O		212Y	213V	214Z					

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Visitors to occupied **West Bank of Jordan River** report "astonishing close cooperation" between conquerors and conquered, extending even to friendly social relations. Municipal councils, all services functioning normally. . . . **Antisemitism** officially revived in Poland, Czechoslovakia. Czech Jews charged with attempting or assisting illegal emigration to Israel also being accused of "speculation and embezzlement of national property." . . . What, Us Worry? Dept.: Dr. Uri Oren, noted Israeli historian, on the **Russians:** "We can live without *them,* but they need Jewish liberal support worldwide." (Quoted by Leo Heiman in *Newsday.*) . . . *Worker* admits attempt by Foreign Policy Council of New York Democrats to join Vietnam *vs.* Israel issue ("There Is a Difference, dammit") bombed out with measly 1,000 in attendance at Manhattan rally.

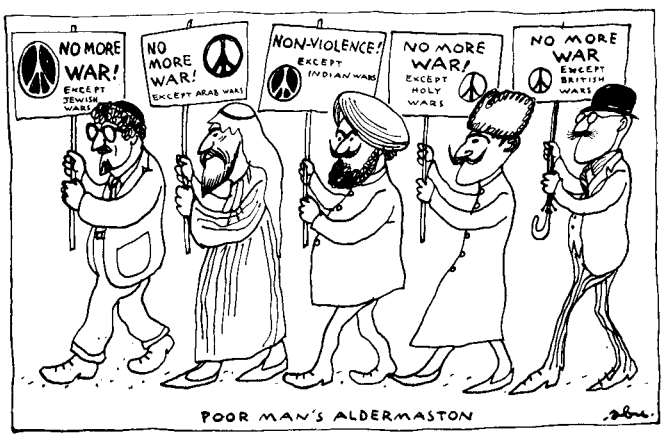
■ Catholic schools and churches in **Macao** putting up last-ditch fight against Red Chinese takeover (see p. 746), on direct order from Vatican, according to Hong Kong informants. . . . USSR now believed to be contributing 75 per cent of external aid to **North Vietnam's** war. Official U.S. figures place Peking aid in 1966 at $180 million—USSR, $600 million. . . . **U.S. tourism** will add $50 million to the Kremlin's warchest this year, predicts Rep. Craig Hosmer (R., Cal.)—enough to buy 25 MiG fighters for Nasser or the Vietcong.

■ **Abba Schwartz,** former State Dept. administrator of Security and Consular Affairs, said to be penning account of his deals with Hanoi for release of U.S. POWs—halted, says ultraliberal Schwartz, when right-wing friends of Passport Div. Chief **Frances G. Knight** forced his dismissal last year. . . . **Edith Green** (D., Ore.: ADA 89 per cent, COPE 92 per cent, ACA 10 percent) emerging as conservative force on House Education and Labor Committee (former domain of Adam Clayton Powell). Having removed statist sting from LBJ's school aid bill, she's now eyeing highly vulnerable **Job Corps and Project Head Start** provisions in current anti-poverty bill. . . . Add apostasy to the sins of **Svetlana Alliluyeva** (Kosygin in U.S.: "morally unstable . . . a sick person"): Metropolitan Diman of Kutitzi and Kolomna (deputy of Patriarch Alexis, head of Russian Orthodox Church) told a Westerner in Moscow Svetlana was "similar to . . . Judas Iscariot . . . an enemy of his teacher and God." . . . *Book Buyers' Guide* lists *RFK: The Man Who Would Be President* by Ralph de Toledano as number one general best-seller, ahead even of *The Death of a President.* Yet neither *N.Y. Times Book Review* nor *Book Week* sales charts register de Toledano—anywhere.

■ **Bureau of Labor Statistics** shows ADC (Aid to Dependent Children) relief rolls in New York three times as big as other categories (Old Age, Aid to Blind, Disabled, etc.), with three out of four ADC births illegitimate each year. (In 1965, 63 unwed mothers had child No. 10, 11 or 12 on welfare.) . . . The world's **registered Communists** increased by 2 million last year, gain of 5 per cent. . . . Further Iron Curtain statistics: Despite security precautions, 8,000 **Czechs fled to freedom** in 1966; for stay-at-homes, suicide rate was highest ever—16.5 per 100,000. Hungary's rate was 37.6 per 100,000.

■ **"Our World,"** first live, worldwide telecast via satellite relay, went on as scheduled June 25 minus participation of Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary. Last-minute bugout, in protest over "American and Israeli imperialism," played havoc with show's theme ("TV unites the world's peoples"), budget ($5 million, to have been shared among 18 countries), and mental set: perplexed NET spokesmen informed U.S. viewers that Communist withdrawal had been couched in terms "reminiscent" of the cold war. . . . Brown University announces it will remove endowment funds from banks doing business with **South Africa;** that means withdrawal of $1 million from Chase Manhattan (small potatoes for them).

■ In **Spain,** wigs are "padded" with hair bought from Hong Kong — but as U.S. buys 85 per cent of Spain's wig output and forbids importation of wigs containing Red Chinese hair (for which HK is chief outlet), a government board will make sure that all wigs sent from Spain contain Spanish hair only.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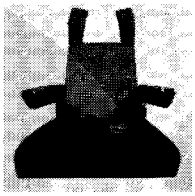

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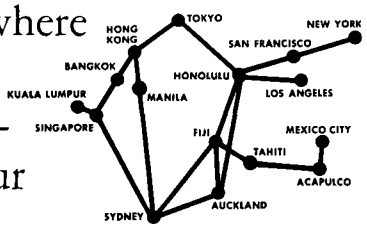

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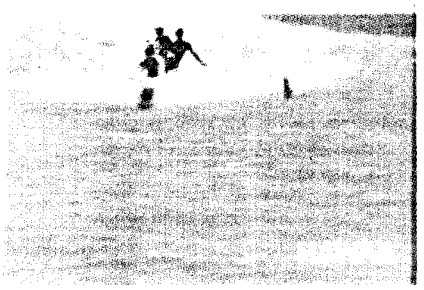

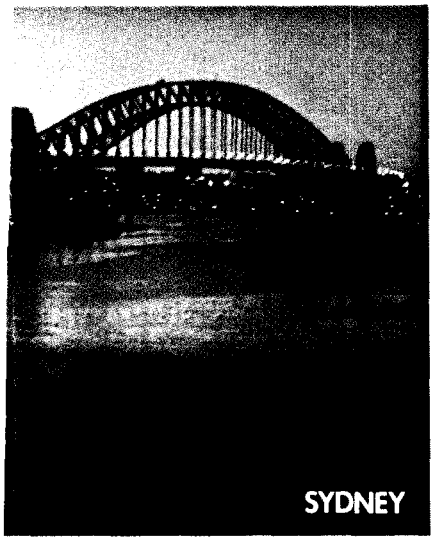

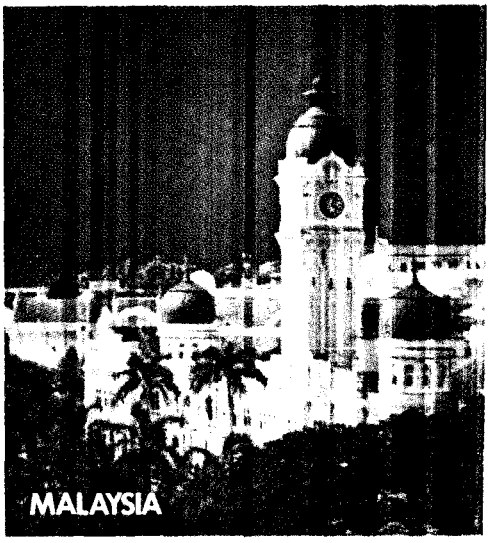

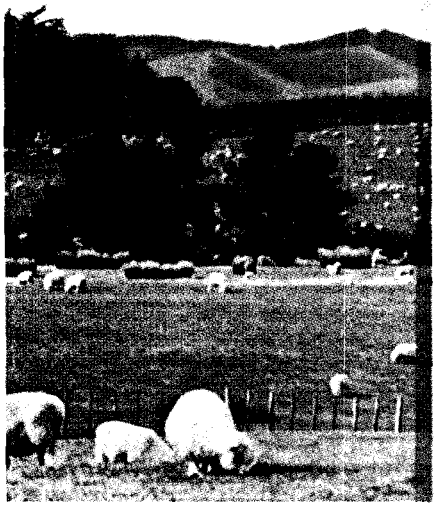

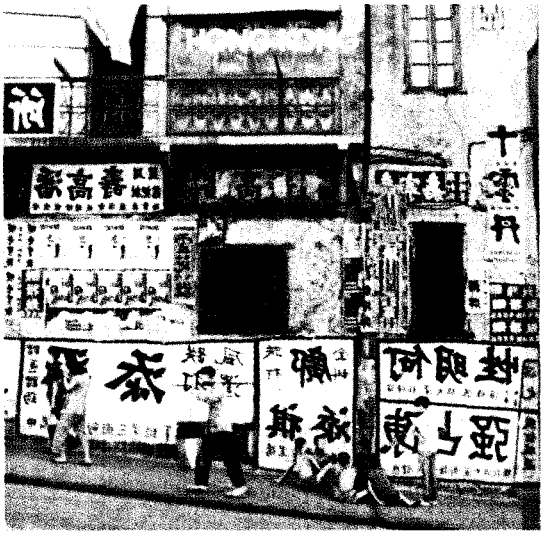

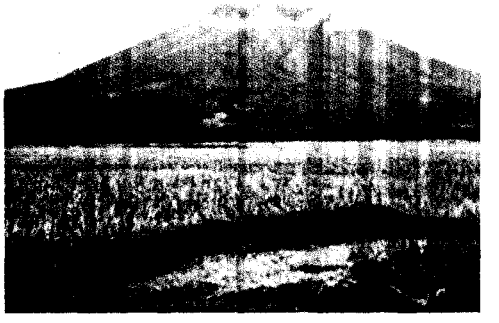

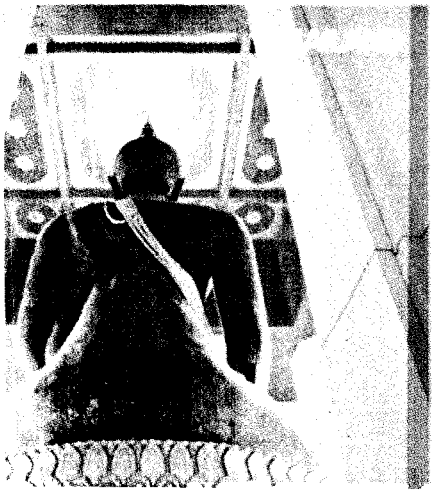

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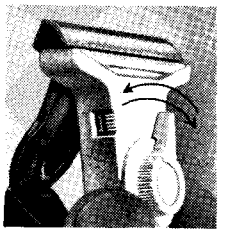

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